Sir *Thomas Overbury*

HIS

WIFE.

With ADDITIONS of

New Characters:

And many other Witty Conceits never before Printed.

The Seventeenth Impression.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Playfere*, at the *White Lyon* in the Inward Walk of the Upper Exchange, 1664.

Sir Thomas Overbury's

WIFE.

With ADDITIONS of

New Characters:

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Seventeenth Impression.

LONDON,

Printed for John Partridge, at the White Lyon in the Inward Walk of the Upper Exchange, 1684.

To the Reader

THe *generall acceptance of this matchleſſe* Poem *the* Wife, *(written by Sir* THOMAS OVERBURIE*) is ſufficiently approved by many, the worth whereof if any other out of malice ſhall neglect to commend, he may well (if it proceed from nice Criticiſme) be excluded as a Churliſh Retainer to the* Muſes: *if from direct plain dealing, he ſhall be degraded for inſufficiency. For had ſuch a* Poem *been extant among the ancient Romans, although they wanted our eaſie conſervations of wit by Printing, they would have committed it to braſſe, leſt injurious time deprive it of due eternity. If to converſe with a creature ſo*

 amiable

To the Reader.

amiable as is here deſcribed, be thought diffi-cult; let the contemplation thereof be held admirable. To which are added (this 16th *impreſſion) many new* Characters, *and* Witty Conceits, *written by himſelf and others his friends. Howſoever, they are now expoſed, not onely to the judicious, but to all that carry the leaſt ſcruple of mother wit about them.*

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui------Mar.

28 MR 59

Lau. Liſle.

Elegies of ſeverall Authors on the untimely death of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, poyſoned in the *Tower*.

Upon the untimely death of Sir *Thomas Overbury*.

T'would eaſe our ſorrowes, 'twould releaſe our tears
Could we but hear thoſe high celeſtiall Spheres,
Once tune their Motions to a doleſull ſtrain,
In ſympathy of what we mortals plain,
Or ſee their fair Intelligences *change*
Or face or habit, when black deeds, ſo ſtrange,
As might force pitty from the Heart of Hell,
Are hatcht by Monſters, which among us dwell.
The Stars me thinks like men inclin'd to ſleep,
Should through their chryſtall caſements ſcarcely peep
Or at leaſt view us but with half an eye,
For fear their chaſter Influence *might deſcry*
Some murdering hand, oaded in guiltleſſe blood,
Blending vile juices to deſtroy the good,
The Sun ſhould wed his beams to endleſſe Night,
And in dull darkneſs canopy his light,
When from the ranke ſtews of adulterous breſts,
Where every baſe unhallowed project reſts,

Is belcht, as indefiance of his ſhine,
A ſtream might make even Death it ſelfe to pine.
But thoſe things happen ſtill, but ne're more clear,
Nor with more luſtre did theſe lamps appear;
Mercury *capers with a winged heel,*
As if he did no touch of ſorrow feel,
And yet he ſees a true Mercurian kill'd,
Whoſe birth his Manſion with much honour fill'd.
But let me not miſtake thoſe pow'rs above,
Nor tax injuriouſly thoſe Courts of Jove.
Surely, they joy to ſee theſe Acts reveal'd;
Which in blind ſilence have been long conceal'd;
And Vertue now triumphant, whil'ſt we mourn
To thinke that ere ſhe was foul Vices ſcorn:
Or that poor Over-buries *blood was made*
A ſacrifice to Malice and darke ſhade.
Weſton, *thy hand that* Couvre-feu Bell *did ſway,*
Which did his life to endleſſe ſleep convay.
But reſt thou where thou art; Ile ſeek no glory
By the relation of ſo ſad a ſtory.
If any more were privy to the deed,
And for the crime muſt be adjug'd to bleed,
To Heaven I pray, with rear'd up hands and eyes,
That as their Bodies fall, their ſouls may riſe:
And as thoſe equally turn to one duſt,
So theſe alike may ſhine among the juſt,
And there make up one glorious conſtellation,
Who ſuffered here in ſuch a differing faſhion.

D. T. To

To the memory of the generally bewailed Gentleman, Sir *Thomas Overburie.*

But that w'are bound in Christian piety
To wish Gods will be done, and destiny
(In all that haps to Men, or good, or ill)
Suffer'd, or sent, by that implored Will; (Breath,
Me thinks, t'observe how Vertue draws faint
Subject to slanders, Hate, and violent Death,
Wise men kept low, others advanc'd to State,
Right checkt by wrong, and ill men fortunates
These mov'd Effects, from an unmoved Cause,
Might shake the firmest faith; Heavens fixed
Might casuall seem, and each irregular sense (Laws
Spurn at just Order, blame Gods Providence.
But what is man, expostulate the Intents
Of his high Will, or judge of Strange Events?
The rising Sun to mortall sight reveals
This earthly Globe; but yet the stars conceals;
So may the Sense discover Natural Things;
Divine above the reach of Humane wings.
Then not the Fate, but Fates bad instrument
Doe I accuse in each sad accident: (come
Good men must fall: rapes, incests, murders
But woe and curses follow them by whom:
God Authors all mens Actions, not their sin,
For that proceeds from dev'lish lust within.

Thou then that sufferd'st by those forms so vile,
From whom those wicked Instruments did file
Thy drossie part, to make thy Fame shine clear,
And shrine thy soul in heavens all glorious sphere
Who being good, nought lesse to thee befell,
Though it appear'd disguis'd in shape of Hell;
Vanish thy bloud and nerves; true life alone
In vertue lives, and true Religion,
In both which thou art deadlesse; O behold,
(If thou canst look so low as Earths base mold)
How dreadful Justice (late with lingring foot)
Now comes like whirlewind! how it shakes the root
Of lofty Cedars make the stately Brow
Bend to the foot! how all men see that now
The breath of infamy doth move their sails;
Whiles thy dear name by loves more hearty gales
Shall still keep wing, untill thy Fames extent
Fill ev'ry part of this vast Continent.
Then you the *Syre* of their murther'd Son,
Repine not at his fate; since he hath won
More honour in his sufferance: and his death
Succeeded by his vertues endlesse breath.
For him, and to his Life and Deaths example,
Love might erect a Statue; Zeal a Temple:
On his true worth the Muses might be slain,
To die his honours web in purest Grain.

C B.

Upon the untimely death of the Author of this ingenious Poem Sir *Thomas Overbury* Knight poyſoned in the *Tower*.

SO many *Moons*, ſo many times go round,
And roſe from *Hell*, and *darkneſs* under ground,
And *yet till now, this darkned deed of Hell*
Not brought to light? O tardy *Heaven!* yet tell
If *Murther* laies him down to ſleep with *Luſt*
Or no? reveal, as *thou* art *truth* and *Juſt*,
The *Secrets* of this unjuſt ſecure *Act*,
And what *our fears* make us ſuſpect *compact*
With greater deeds of miſchief: for alone
We think not *this*, and do ſuſpect yet one,
To which compar'd, *This*, but a *falling ſtar*;
That a bright *Firmament of Fire*: Thy Care
We ſee takes *meaner things*: It times the world,
The *Signes* at randome through the *Zodiack* hurld,
The *Stars* wild wandring, and the glib quick *hinges*
Which turn both *Poles*, and all the *violent changes*
It overlooks which trouble th' endleſs courſe
Of the high Firmament: *by thy bleſt force*
Do hory winter froſts make foreſt bare,
And ſtraight to groves again their ſhades repair,

By

By *Thee* doth *Autumnus*, *Lyons flaming Maine*
Ripen the fruits: and the full year ſuſtain
Her burthened powers: O *being ſtill the ſame*,
Ruling ſo much, an under *whom* the frame
Of this vaſt world weigh'd all his *Orbes* doth
Why are thy Cares of men no more applide? (guide,
Or if: why ſeem'ſt thou ſleeping to the *Good*,
And *guarding* to the *Ill*? as if the *brood*
Of beſt things ſtill muſt Chance take in command;
And not thy *Providence*; and *Her blind Hand*
Thy *Benefits* erroniouſly diſburſe,
Which ſo let fall, ne're fall but to the *worſe*?
Whence *ſo great crimes* commit the *Greater* ſort,
And boldeſt Acts of ſhame blaze in the *Court*,
VVhere *Buffones* worſhip in their *riſe* of *State*
Thoſe filthy *Scarabs*, whom they ſerve and *Hate*,
Sure things meet *backward there*; *Humour* diſgraſt,
And *Vertue* laid by *Fraud*, and *Poiſon* waſt:
The *Adult'rer up like Haman*, and ſo *Sainted*:
And *Females modeſty* (as *Females*) painted,
Loſt in all reall worth: what ſhall we ſay?
Things ſo far out of frame, as if the day
Were come wherein another *Phaeton*
Stoln into *Phœbus wain*, had all miſſe-won
A clean contrary way: O powerful *God*,
Right all amiſſe, and let thy wonted period
Of *Goodneſs*, in his place again: *This deed*
Be *Uſher* to bring forth the *Mask*, and *Weed*,

VVhere-

Where-under, blacker things lie hid perhap,
And yet have Hope to make a falſe eſape.
Of *This* make known, why ſuch an inſtrument,
As *Weſton a poor ſerving-man* ſhould rent
The frame of *this ſad good-mans* life: did he
Stand with this *Court-bred* learned OVERBURIE,
In ſtrife for an *Ambaſſadour-ſhip*? no, no,
His *Orbes* held no ſuch *light*: what, did he owe
The *Prophet* malice for compoſing *this*,
This Cynoſure in neat *Poeſis*,
How *Good*, and *Great* men ought, and, All to chuſe,
A *chaſte, fit noble Wife*, and the abuſe
Of *Strumpets* friendly ſhadowing in the ſame,
Was this his fault? or doth there lye a flame
Yet in the embers not unrak't, for which
He dy'de ſo falſly? *Heaven* we doe beſeech
Unlocke the ſecret, and bring all to view,
That Law may purge the blood, Luſt made untrue.

W. S.

An Elegy consecrated to the memory of the truly worthy learned Sir *Thomas Overbury* Knight.

HAd not thy wrong like to a wound ill cur'd
Broke forth in death; I had not been assur'd
Of grief enough to finish what I write.
These lines, as those which do in cold bloud fight,
Had come but faintly on; for, ever he
That shrines a name within an *Elegy*,
(Unless some nearer cause do him aspire)
Kindles his bright flame at the *funeral* fire.
Since passion (after lessening her extent)
Is then more strong, and so more eloquent.
How powerful is the hand of *murther* now!
Was't not enough to see his dear life bow
Beneath her hate? but crushing that fair frame,
Attempt the like on his unspotted *fame*?
O base revenge! more than inhumane fact!
Which (as the *Romans* sometimes would enact
No doom for *Paricide*, supposing none
Could ever so offend) the upright throne
Of *Justice* salves not: leaving that intent
Without a *Name* without a *Punishment*.
Yet through thy wounded *fame*, as thorow these
Glasses which multiply the *Species*,

We

We ſee thy vertues more than they become
So many *Statues* ſleeping on thy *Tombe*.
Wherein confinement new thou ſhalt endure;
But ſo, as when to make a Pearl more pure,
We give it to a *Dove*, in whoſe womb pent
Some time, we have it forth moſt orient.
Such is thy luſter now, that venom'd *ſpight*
With her black ſoul dares not behold thy light,
But banning it, a courſe begins to run
With thoſe that curſe the riſing of the *Sun*.
The poyſon that works upwards now, ſhall ſtrive
To be thy fair *Fames* true *Preſervative*.
And Witchcraft, that can mask the *upper ſhine*,
With no one cloud ſhall blind a ray of thine.
And as the *Hebrews* in an obſcure pit
Their *holy Fire* hid, not extinguiſht it,
And after-time, that brake their bondage chain
Found it to fire their ſacrifice again:
So lay thy *Worth* ſome while, but being found;
The *Muſes Altars* plentiful crown'd
With ſweet perfumes, by it new kindled be,
And offer all to thy dear Memory.
Nor have we loſt thee long: thou art not gone
Nor canſt deſcend into *Oblivion*.
But twice the *Sun* went round ſince thy ſoul fled,
And only *that time* men ſhall term thee dead.
Hereafter (rais'd to life) thou ſtill ſhalt have
An *Antidote* againſt the ſilent Grave.

W. B. Int. temp.

Upon the untimely Death

of Sir *Thomas Overburie.*

IF for to live be but a misery,
If by death good men gain erernity,
'Twas friendly done in robbing thee of life,
To celebrate thy nuptials with thy Wife;
So that his will no other aime intended,
But by exchange thy life should be amended!
Yet wert to compasse his insatiate lust,
He this last friendship tendred to thee: trust
Whiles he dishonor'd and defam'd may die,
Justice and Fame, shall crown thy memorie.

28 MR 59

B. G. *medii Temp.*

In

Inobitum intempeſtivum & lachrymabilem Illuſtriſſimi Equitis aurati, *Tho. Overburi*, magnæ ſpei & expectationis Viri.

HOwever windy miſchiefe raiſe up high
Darke thickning clouds, to powre upon us all
A tempeſt of foul rumours, which deſcry
Thy hard miſ-hap and ſtrange diſaſtrous fall,
As if thy wounds were bleeding from that hand,
Which rather ſhould have rais'd thee up to ſtand.

Yet ſhalt thou here ſurvive in pittying fame
In thy ſweet Wife, in theſe moſt acute lines,
In well reputed Characters of name,
And vertues tombe, which all thine honour ſhrines
In ſpight of envy, or the proudeſt hate,
That thus hath ſet opinion at debate.

But for mine own part, ſith it fals out ſo,
That death hath had her will; I now compare
It to a wanton hand, which at a throw
To breake a box of precious balme did dare:
With whoſe perfume, altho it was thus ſpild,
The houſe and commers by were better fild.

Cap. *The Gainsfor*

A

A *memoriall*, Offered to that man of vertue, Sir *Tho. Overbury*.

ONce dead and twice alive; Death could not (frame
A death, whose sting could kill his fame.
He might have liv'd, had not the life which gave
Life to his life, betraid him to his grave.
If Greatnesse could consist in being good,
Onely unhappy in his lives last fate,
In that he liv'd so soon to dye so late.
Alas, whereto shall men oppressed trust,
Whence Innocence cannot protect the Just?
His error was his fault, his truth his end,
No enemy his ruin, but his friend.
Cold friendship, where hot vows are but a breath
To guerdon poor simplicity with death:
Was never man, that felt the sense of grief,
So Overburyed in safe belief:
Belief? O cruel slaughter! Times unbred
Will say, who dies that is untimely dead,
By treachery, of lust, or by disgrace,
In friendship, 'twas but *Overburies* case, (prove
Which shall not more commend his truth than
Their guilt, who were his opposites in love

Rest

Reſt happy Man; and in thy ſphear of Aw
Behold how Juſtice ſwaies the ſword of Law
To weed out thoſe, whoſe hands imbrew'd in
Cropt off thy youth, & flower in the bud; (bloud
Sleep in thy peace: thus happy haſt thou prov'd
Thou might'ſt have di'd more known, not more,
(belov'd.

Jo. Fo.

Upon Sir *Thomas Overburie* the Authot of this ingeious *POEM.*

HEſperides (*within whoſe gardens grow*
Apples of gold) *may well thy loſſe deplore:*
For in thoſe Gardens they could never ſhow
A tree ſo fair of ſuch a fruitfull ſtore.
Grace was the Root, and thou the Tree,
Sweet counſels were the Berries grew on thee.

Wit was the branch that did adorn the Stocke;
Reaſon the Leaf upon thoſe branches ſpred,
Under thy ſhadow did the Muſes flocke,
And (by Thee) as a mantle covered
But what befell, O, too much out of kind;
For thou waſt blaſted by a Weſt-on wind.

R. C.

P. B. 44.

Of

Of Sir *Thomas Overburie* his *Wife* and *Marriage*.

WHen I behold this Wife of thine ſo fair,
So far remov'd from vulgar beauties(air
Being leſſe bright and pure (me thinks I ſee
An uncloth'd Soul, by potent Alchymy
Extraught from ragged matter. Thou haſt made
A Wife more innocent then any Maid,
Evah's ſtate, before the fall, decyphered here,
And *Platao's* naked vertue's not more clear
Such an *Idæa* as ſcarce wiſhes can
Arrive at, but our Hopes muſt ne're attain
A Soul ſo far beyond the common Make
As ſcorn'd corporeall joyning. For her ſake
(Diſpairing elſe contract) Thou too turn'ſt Soul;
And to enjoy her fairs without controul,
Caſt'ſt off this bodies clog: ſo muſt all do,
Caſt matter off, who would abſtractions woe.
To flie ſo ſoon then (Soul) wel haſt thou done.
For in this life, ſuch beauties are not wone.
But when I call to mind thine unripe fall,
And ſo ſad ſummons to thy Nuptial,
Either, in her thy bold deſires did taſte
Forbidden fruit, and have this Curſe purchaſt.
Or having this Elixir read thine own
Drawn from the remnant of Creation,)

The

The faces their malignant Spirits breathe,
To punish thine ambitious love with death
Or, thy much envide choyce hath made the rest
Of Concrete Relicts point their aymes infest
To thy conclusion. And with them seduc'd
Friendship (displeas'd to see a Love produc'd
Lesse carnall than it self) with policy
So pure chaste a Love to nullifie.
Yet how soe'r, their project flies in smoke
The poyson's cordiall,
which they meant should choke:
Their deeds of darkness, like the Bridall Night,
Have joyn'd spirituall Loversin despight
Of false attempts: And now the wedding's done;
when in this life such fairs had not bin won.

E. G.

To the Book.

THou woful widdow, once a happy Wife,
That didst enjoy so sweet a Mate:
Who now bereaved is of Life,
Untimely wrought, throught inward hate,
O Deed most vile, to haste the end
Of him, that was so good a friend!

F. H.

On this excellent Poem, *the Wife.*

LOe here the matchlesse pattern of a Wife,
Disciphered in form of Good, and Bad:
The Bad commends the Good, as dark doth light,
Or as a loathed Bed a single Life;
The good, with wisdome and discretion clad
With Modest, and fair demeanour dight,
Whose reason doth her will to love invite.

Reason begot, and passion bred her Love
Self-will She shun'd Fithes the Marriage made;
Eirnes doth cherish Love, Self-will Debate.
Loe thus, and in this Monument of proof
A perfect Wife a Work nor time can fade
Nor loose respect betray to mortall Fate,
This none can equall; Best, but imitate.

R. C.

Of Sir *Thomas Overburie*

Poem, the Wife.

I Am glad yet ere I die, I have found occasion
Honest & just, without the worlds perswasion,
Or flattery or bribery, to commend
A woman for her goodnesse; and God send
I may find many more: I wish them well (sell,
They are pritty things to play with; when *Eve*
She took care that all the Women kind
That were to follow her, should be as blind
As she was wilfull, and till this good wife,
This peece of Vertues that ne're took her life
From a frail Mothers labour: Those stand still
As marginals to point us to our ill,
Came to the world, as other creatures doe,
That know no God but will; we learn'd to woo,
And if she were but fair, and could but kisse:
Twenty to one we could not chuse amisse;
And as we judge of trees, if straight and tall
That may be sound, yet never till the fall
Find how the rain hath drill'd them to till now
We onely knew we must love, but not how:
But here we have example, and so rare,
That if we hold but common sense and care,
And steer by this Card; he that goes awry
Ile boldly say at his Nativity,

That man was seal'd a fool: yet all this good
Given as it is, not cloath'd in flesh and blood,
Some may averre and strongly, 'twas meer ment
Inway of practice, but not president;
Either will make us happy men; for he
That marrieth any way this mystery,
Or any parcell of that benefit,
Though he take hold of nothing but the wit,
Hath got himself a partner for his life,
More than a woman, better than a Wife.

I. B.

Ejusdem in Eadem.

As from a man the first frail woman came,
The first that ever made us know our shame,
And find the curse of labour; so again,
Goodnesse and understanding found a Man
To take this shame away; and from him sprung
A peece of excellence without a Tongue,
Because it should not Wrong us; yet the life
Makes it appear, a woman and a Wife,
And this is shee, if ever woman shall
Doe good hereafter; borne to blesse our fall.

J. F.

On

On Sir *Thomas Overburies* POEM, *the WIFE.*

VVEre every beauty, every ſeveral grace,
Which is in women, in one womans face,
Som courtly Gallants might, I think come to her,
Which would not wed her, tho they ſeem'd to woo her,
Settled affections follow not the Eye,
Reaſon and Judgment muſt their courſe deſcry.
Pigmalions Image made of marble ſtone,
Was lik'd of all, belov'd of him alone,
But here's a Dame grown huſbandleſs of late,
Which not a man but wiſhed were his Mate.
So fair without, ſo free from ſpot within,
That earth ſeems here to ſtand exempt from ſin
Juno vouchſafe, and *Hymen*, when I wed,
I may behold this Widdow in my Bed.

D. T.

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D. T.

On the Wife.

BEauty affords contentment to the Eye,
Riches are means to cure a weak eſtate,
Honour illuſtrates what it commeth nie:
To marry thus men count it happy fate. (ſhroud,
Vertue they think doth in theſe Emblemes
But triall ſhewes the'are gulled with a Cloud:

Theſe are but complements; the inward worth,
The outward carriage, geſture, with, and grace,
Is that alone that ſets a Woman forth:
And in this woman, theſe have each a place.
Were all wives ſuch: This age would hapyy be,
But happier that of our Poſteritie.

D. T.

WEll haſt thou ſaid, that woman ſhould be ſuch;
And were they that, had but a third as much,
I would be marri'd too, but that I know
Not what ſhe is, but ſhould be thou doſt ſhow:
So let me praiſe thy work, and let my life
Be ſingle, or thy Widow be my Wife.

X. Z.

On the Wife.

THis perfect Creature, to the Easterne use
Liv'd, whilst a wife retir'd from common show;
Not that her Lover fetr'd the least abuse,
But with the wiseſt know it fitter ſo:
Since, ſaln a widow, and a zealous one,
She would have ſacrifiz'd her ſelf agen,
But importun'd to life, is now alone,
Lov'd woo'd admir'd, by all wiſe ſingle men.
which, to th' adulterous reſt, that dare begin
Their us'd temptations, were a mortall ſin.

To the Wife

EXpoſ'd to all thou wilt leſſe worthy ſeem,
I fear: Wives common, all men diſeſteem,
Yet ſome things have a diffring Fate: ſome fret.
We doubt of wares which are in corners ſet:
Hid Medals ruſt, which being us'd grow bright;
The day more friendeth vertue than the night.
Thou the more common, than maiſt ſeem more
I only wiſh thou maiſt be underſtood. (good,

G. R.

To the clean contrary wife.

LOok here: & chide thoſe ſpirits which main-
(tain
Their empire, with a ſtrong command in you,
That all good eyes, which do your follies view,
Pitty, what you for them muſt once ſuſtain:
O from thoſe Evils, which free Souls diſdain
To be acquainted with, (and but perſue
Worſt Minds) from them (as hatefull as untrue.)
By reading this, for Fames fair ſake refrain:
Who would let feed upon her birth, the brood
Of lightneſſe, indiſcretion, end the ſhame
Of foul incontinence, when the baſe blood
Is careleſſe onely of an Honour'd Name?
Be all that gentle are, more high Improv'd,
For looſe Dames are but flatter'd, never Lov'd.

W, *Stra.*

Of the choyce of a VVife:

IF I were to chuſe a Woman,
As who knows but I may marry?
I would truſt the eye of no man,
Nor a tongue that may miſcarry:
For in way of love and Glory,
Each tongue beſt tells his own ſtory.

Firſt, to make my choyce the bolder,
I would have her child to ſuch,
Whoſe free vertues lives are older
When Antiquity can touch:
For 'tis ſeldome ſeen, that bloud
Gives a beauty great and good,

Yet an ancient ſtock may bring
Branches I confeſſe, of worth,
Like rich mantles ſhadowing
Thoſe deſcents that brought them forth
Yet ſuch Hills, though gilded ſhow,
Soonest feel the Age of ſnow.

Therefore

Therefore to prevent ſuch eare
That repentance ſoon may bring,
Like Marchants I would chooſe my ware,
Uſe-full good, *not glittering.*
He that weds for ſtate or face,
Buys a Horſe, to loſe a Race.

Yet I would have her fair as any,
But her own not kiſt away:
I would have her free to many,
Look on all like equall day;
But deſending to the Sea,
Make her ſet with none but me.

If ſhe be not tall, 'tis better;
For that word, A goodly Woman,
Prints it ſelf in ſuch a letter,
That it leaves unſtudied no man:
I would have my Miſtris grow,
Only tall to anſwer No.

Yet I would not have her loſe
So much breeding, as to fling
Unbecomming ſcorn on thoſe
That muſt worſhip every thing.
Let her fear looſe looks to ſcatter:
And looſe men will fear to flatter

Children I would have her bear,
More for love of name than bed:
So each child I have his heir
To another mayden-head;
For ſhe that in the Act's afraid,
Every night another maid.

Such a one, as when ſhee's woo'd,
Bluſhes not for ill thoughts paſt;
But ſo inocently good,
Thather dreams are ever chaſt;
Forthat Maid that thinks a ſin
Has betraid the Fort ſhee's in

In my viſitation ſtill,
I would have her ſcatter fears,
How this man, and that was ill,
After proteſtations Tears:
And who vowes a conſtant life,
Crowns a meritorious Wife.

When the Prieſt firſt gives our hands,
I would have her thinke but thus;
In what high and holy bands
Heaven like twins, hath planted us,
That like Aarons *rod, together*
Both may bud;grow green, and wither.

An Elegie in praiſe of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, and his *Poem*.

'TIs dangerous to be *good*: well may we praiſe
Honeſty, or *Innocence*; but who can raiſe
A pow'r, that ſhal ſecur't gainſt wr gs to come,
When ſuch a *Saint* hath ſuffer'd *Martrydome*?
Injurious hands, which 'cauſe they could not get
The *gemme*, would therfore ſpoile the *Cabinet*.
But though the *cage* be broken, the *bird* is flown
To *heaven* her properand ſecurer home:
Where 'mongſt a quire of *Saints*, and *Cherubins*,
Of *Angels*, *Thrones*, and *Seraphins*, ſhe ſings
Thoſe ſacred *Halelujahs*: heaven may boaſt
T'have got that Angel there which we have loſt
But we ſhall ſtill complain, for to us *here*,
A *Saint* is more loſſe than a *Throne* is *there*.
That *Firmament* of holy *fires* which we
Enjoy'd, whileſt thou wert, by enjoying thee,
Lyes not rak't up in *aſhes*, as the light
Of day, the Sunne once gon, is drownd in night,
But as the *Moon*, ſometime, the *Sunne* being ſet,
Appeares, and we a new (though leſſe) light get;
So though our greateſt *lamp* of vertue be,
By cruell Fate *extinguiſhed*, in thee,
Yet to adde freſh *oyle* t' our *ſnuffe* of life,
Thou haſt behind thee, left a matchleſſe *Wife*:

Who

Who hath(ſince that ſad time her Husband di'd)
Been woo'd by many, for a ſecond bride:
But like a chaſte religious widow, ſhe
Having loſt her firſt mate, ſcorns *bigamie*.

P. B. *medii Temp.*

A Statue erected in memory of Sir *Thomas Overburie* his *Wife*.

VPon a *Marble* fram'd byth'cunningſt hand
In garments green, and orient to behold,
Like a moſt lovely *Virgin* let her ſtand,
And on her head a crown of pureſt gold.
Firſt, let religion in her heart have place,(ſpring,
As th'ground and fountain whence all vertues
So that each thought being ſanctified by Grace:
The puniſhment t'eſcape that's due to ſin.
Let *Beauty* (joyn'd with modeſty) appear
Loves objeſt in her face; and chaſtity
In her fair *eyes*, brighter then chryſtall clear,
Wherein life moves affections, ed *thereby*.
In her hands *Charity*, and at the right
The holy Angels let protecting be:

And

And at the left Gods mercies ſhining bright.
Diſtributing to each neceſſity.
Let th' earth his riches yeeld to her, and more
The heavens their influence, and by the ſame
Unto the blind their ſight let her reſtore;
Strengthning the weak, and raiſing up the lame.
Under her feet the Devill and darkneſſe ſet,
Let Pride faſt bound in chaines behind her lye,
Baſe ſelf-Love, not appear in place, and let
Foul-Luſt, and *Envy* from her preſence flie,
And on her *Breſt*, in golden letters write
Heavens beſt belov'd, earths chiefeſt delight.
(Wife,
He that (in's Choice) would meet with ſuch a
Muſt vow virginity and ſingle life.

On Sir *Thomas Overbury* and his Wife,

ALl right, all wrong befals me through a Wife,
A bad one gate me Death, a Good one Life.

An Elegy upon the Death

Of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, Knight.

poyſoned in the *Tower*.

HAdſt thou like other Sirs and Knights of worth,
Sickned and died, bin ſtretcht out, and laid
After thy Farwel Sermon taken earth, (*forth,*
And left no deed to praiſe thee, but thy birth,
Then Overbury, *by a paſſe of theirs,*
Thou might'ſt have tided hence in two hours tears,
Then had we worn the ſprigs of memory
No longer then thy friends did Roſemary;
Or then the doal was eating for thy ſake,
And thou hadſt ſunk in thine own wine and cake:
But ſince it was ſo ordered and thought fit
By ſome who knew thy truth, and fear'd thy wit,
Thou ſhouldſt be poiſon'd, Death hath done thee grace
Rankt thee above the region of thy place,
For none hears poyſon nam'd, but makes reply
What Prince was that? what States-man ſo did die?
In this thou haſt out-dyed an Elegy,
Which were too narrow for poſterity,
And thy ſtrong poyſon which did ſeem to kill,
working afreſh in ſome Hiſtorians quill,
Shall now preſerve thee longer ere thou rot,
Than could a Poem mixt with Antidot;

Nor

Nor need'ſt thou truſt a Herauld with thy name,
That art the voyce of Juſtice and of Fame;
whilſt ſin (deteſting her own conſcience) ſtrives
To pay the uſe and intereſt of lives.
Enough of ryme, and might it pleaſe the law,
Enough of bloud; for naming lives I ſaw
He that writes more of thee, muſt write of more,
which I affect not, but refer men ore
To Tyburn, by whoſe Art they may define
VVhat life of man is worth in valewing thine.

On Sir *Thomas Overbury.*

THough dumb, deaf, dead, I cry, I hear, I kill:
Thus grown a Politician 'gainſt my will.

J. M,

An Elegy on the late Lord *William Howard*, Baron of Effingham, dead the 10. of *December*, 1615.

I Did not know thee, Lord, nor doe I ſtrive
To winne acceſſe, or grace, with Lords alive:
The dead I ſerve, from whence nor faction can
Move me, nor favour: nor a greater man.
To whom no vice commends me, nor bribe ſent,
From whom no Penance warnes, nor portion (ſpent,
To theſe I dedicate as much of me
As I can ſpare from my own husbandry:
And till Ghoſts walk, as they were wont to doe,
I trade for ſome, and doe theſe errants too.
But firſt I doe enquire and am aſſur'd,
What tryalls in their Journeys they endur'd,
What certainties of Honor & of worth, (forth,
Their moſt uncertain Life-times have brought
And who ſo did leaſt hurt of this ſmall ſtore,
He is my patron, dy'd he rich or poor.
Firſt I will know of Fame (after his peace,
When Flattery and envy both do ceaſe)
Who rul'd his actions: Reaſon, or my *Lord*?
Did the whole man relie upon a word,
A badge of Title, or above all chance
Seem'd he as Ancient as his Cognisance?

What

What did he? acts of mercie; and refrain
Oppreſſion in him ſelfe, and in his Train?
Was his eſſentiall Table full as free
As boaſts and invitations uſe to be?
Where if his Ruſſet-friend did chance to dine,
Whether his Satten-man would fill him wine.
Did he thinke perjurie as lov'd a ſinne,
Himſelfe forſworne, as if his ſlave had been?
Did he ſeek regular pleaſures? was he known
Juſt Hu-band of one Wife, and ſhe his own?
Did he give freely without pauſe, or doubt,
And read petitions, ere they were worn out?
Or ſhould his well-deſerving *Client* aske,
Would he beſtow a Tilting, or a *Maske*
To keep need vertuous? And that done not fear
What Lady damn'd him for his abſence there?
Did he attend the Court for no mans fall?
Wore he the ruin of no Hoſpitall?
And when he did his rich apparrell don,
Put he no Widdow nor an Orphan on?
Did he love ſimple vertue for the thing,
The King for no reſpect but for the King?
But above all, did his Religion wait
Upon Gods Throne, or on the chair of ſtate?
He that is guiltie of no *Quere* here,
Out-laſt his Epitaph, out-lives his Heire.
But there is none ſuch, none ſo little bad,
Who but this negative goodneſſe ever had?

Of ſuch a Lord we may expect the birth,
He's rather in the womb than on the earth.
And 'twere a Crime in ſuch a publick fate,
For one to live well and degenerate:
And therefore I am angry, when a name
Comes to upbraid the World like *Effingham*,
Nor was it modeſt in thee to depart
To thy eternal home where now thou art,
Ere thy reproach was ready: or to die,
Ere cuſtome had prepar'd thy calumny.
Eight days have paſt ſince thou haſt paid thy debt
To ſin, and not a libell ſtirring yet,
Courtiers that ſcoffe by Patent, ſilent ſit,
And have no uſe of ſlander, or of wit: (tide,
But (which is monſtrous) though againſt the
The Water-men have neither raild nor lide.
Of good and bad there's no Diſtinction known,
For in thy praiſe the good and bad are one.
It ſeems we all are covetous of Fame,
And hearing what a purchaſe of good name
Thou lately mad'ſt, are carefull to increaſe
Our title by the holding of ſome leaſe (crue
From thee our Landlord, and for that th' whole
Speak now like Tenants ready to renew:
It were too ſad to tell thy pedegree,
Death hath diſordred all, miſplacing thee,
Whilſt now thy Herauld in his line of heirs
Blots out thy name, and fils the ſpace with tears.

And

And thus hath conqu'ring death, or nature rather,
Made thee prepoſtrous ancient to thy Father,
Who grieves th'art ſo, and like a glorious light
Shines ore thy Hearſe.
He therefore that would write
And blaze thee throughly, may at once ſay all,
Here lies the Anchor of our Admiral.
Let others write for glory or reward,
Truth is well paid, when ſhe is ſung and heard.

Ad Comitiſſam Rutlandiæ.

MAdame, ſo may my verſes pleaſing be,
So you may laugh at them and not at me.
'Tis ſomething to you gladly I would ſay,
But how to do't, I cannot find the way.
I would avoid the common beaten vvaies,
To Woman uſed which are love or praiſe:
As for the firſt the little wit I have,
Is not yet grown ſo near unto the grave,
But that I can by that dim fading light,
Perceive of what, and unto whom I writ.
Let ſuch as in a hopeleſſe witleſſe rage,
Can ſigh a quire and read it to a Page;
Such as can make ten Sonnets ere they reſt,
VVhen each is but a great blot at the beſt:
Such as do backs of books and windows fill,
With their too furious Diamond or quill;

Such as were reſolv'd to end their daies
With a loud laughter blown beyond the Seas;
Who are ſo mortified, that they can live
Contemn'd of all the world, and yet forgive.
Write love to you: I would not willingly
Be pointed at in every company,
As was that little Taylor, who till death,
was hot in love with *Qu. Elizabeth:*
And for the laſt in all my idle days,
I never yet did living woman praiſe
In proſe or verſe: and when I do begin,
Ile pick ſome woman out, as full of ſin
As you are full of vertue, with a ſoul
As black, as yours is white: a face as foul
As yours is beautiful; for it ſhall be,
Out of the rules of Phyſiognomy
So far, that I do fear I muſt diſplace
The Art a little, to ſet in her face:
It ſhall at leaſt four faces be below
The Devils; and her parched corps ſhall ſhow,
In her looſe skin, as if ſome ſprite ſhe were,
Kept in a bag by ſome great Conjurer:
Her breath ſhall be as horrible and vild,
As every word you ſpeak is ſweet and mild:
It ſhall be ſuch a one, as will not be
Cover'd with any art or policie.
But let her take all powders, fumes, and drink,
She ſhall make nothing but a dearer ſtink.

She ſhall have ſuch a foot, and ſuch a noſe,
As will not ſtand in any thing but proſe:
If I beſtow my praiſes upon ſuch,
'Tis Charitie, and I ſhall merit much.
My praiſe will come to her like a full boul.
Beſtow'd at moſt need on a thirſtie ſoul;
Where if I ſing your praiſes in my Ryme,
I loſe my inke, my paper, and my time,
And nothing adde to your o're-flowing ſtore,
And tell you nought but what you knew before.
Nor doe the vertuous minded (which I ſwear,
Madame, I thinke you are) endure to hear
Their own perfections into queſtions brought,
But ſtop their eares at them; for if I thought
You took a pride to have your vertues known,
Pardon me, Madame, I ſhould thinke them none.
To what a length is this ſtrange letter grown,
In ſeeking of a ſubject, yet findes none?
But your brave thoughts, which I ſo much reſpect
Above your glorious tittles, ſhall accept
Theſe harſh diſorder'd lines, I ſhall ere long
Dreſſe up your vertues new, in a new ſong;
Yet far from all baſe praiſe and flaterie,
Althought I know what ere my Verſes be,
They will like the moſt ſervile flat'rie ſhow,
If I write truth, and make the ſubject you.

An

An *Elegy* on the Death of the Lady *Rutland*.

I May forget to drink to eat to ſleep,
Remembring thee, but when I do, to weep,
In well weigh'd lines, that men ſhall at thy hearſe
Envy the ſorrow which brought forth my verſe,
May my dull underſtanding have the might,
Only to know her laſt was yeſternight?
Rutland the fair is dead, or if to hear
The name of *Sidney* will more force a tear,
Tis ſhe that is ſo dead and yet there be
Some more alive profeſs not poetry:
The States-men and the lawyers of our time
Have buſineſs ſtill, yet do it not in rime:
Can ſhe be dead and can there be of thoſe
That are ſo duſt to ſay their prayers in proſe?
It is three days ſince ſhe did feel Deaths hand,
And yet this Iſle not call the Poets Land?
Hath this no new ónes made, and are the old
At ſuch a needful time as this grown cold?
They all ſay they would fain, but yet they plead
They cannot write becauſe their Muſe is dead.
Hear me then ſpeak which will take no excuſe,
Sorrow can make a verſe without a Muſe.

Why

VVhy didſt thou die ſo ſoon? O pardon me,
I know it was the longeſt life to thee,
That ere with modeſty was cald a ſpan,
Since the *Almighty* left to ſtrive with man;
Mankind is ſent to ſorrow and thou haſt
More of the buſineſs which thou cam'ſt for paſt,
Than all thoſe aged woman which yet quick
Have quite out-liv'd their own Arithmetick.
As ſoon as thou couldſt apprehend a grief,
There were enow to meet thee, and the chief
Bleſſing of women; mariage was to thee
Nought but a ſacrament of miſerie:
For whom thou hadſt, if we may truſt to Fame,
Could nothing change about thee, but thy name,
A name which who (that were again to doo't)
Would change without a thouſand joys to boot:
In all things elſe: thou rather ledſt a life
Like a betrothed Virgin than a Wife.
But yet I would have cald thy Fortune kind,
If it had only tride the ſettled mind
With preſent croſſes Not the loathed thought
Of worſt to come, or paſt, thé might have wrought
Thy beſt remembrance to have caſt an eye
Back with delight upon thine infancie:
But thou had'ſt ere thou knew'ſt the uſe of tears
Sorrow laid up againſt thou comſt to years,
Ere thou wert able who thou wert to tell,
By a ſad War thy noble Father fell.

In a dull clime, which did not underſtand
What 't was to venture him, to ſave a *Land*;
He left two children, who for vertue, wit,
Beautie, were lov'd of all; Thee and his wit;
Two was too few, yet death hath from us took
Thee, a more faultleſſe iſſue, than his Book,
Which now the onely living thing we have
From him, wee'll ſee, ſhall never find a grave
As thou haſt done: alas, would it might be
That books their ſexes had as well as we,
That we might ſee this married to the wroth,
And many Poems like it ſelfe bring forth;
But this vain wiſh Divinitie controules,
For neither to the Angles, nor to ſoules,
Nor any thing he meant ſhould ever live,
Did the wiſe God of Nature ſexes give;
Then with his everlaſting work alone
We muſt content our ſelves, ſince ſhe is gone;
Gone like the day thou dyedſt upon, and wee
May call that back again as ſoon as thee (all
Who ſhould have lookt to this? where were you
That doe your ſelves, the helps of Nature call,
Phyſicians? I acknowledge you were there,
To ſell ſuch words as one in health would hear:
So dy'd ſhe: Curſt be he who ſhall defend
Your Art of haſtning Nature to an end.
In this you ſhew'd that Phyſick can but be
At beſt, an Art to cure your povertie.

Y'are

Y'are many of you Impoſtors, and doe give
To ſicke men potions that your ſelves may live
He that hath ſurfeited, and cannot eat,
Muſt have a med'cine to procure your meat,
And that's the deepeſt ground of all your skill
Unleſſe it be ſome knowledge how to kill.
Sorrow and madneſſe make my verſes flow
Croſſe to my underſtanding. For I know
You can doe wonders; every day I meet
The looſer ſort of people in the ſtreet
From deſperate diſeaſes freed and why
Reſtore you them, and ſuffer her to dye?
Why ſhould the State allow you Colleges,
Penſions for Lectures, and Anatomies?
If all your potions, vomits, letting blood,
Can onely cure the bad, and not the good?
Which only they can do, and I will ſhow
The hidden reaſon why you did not know
The way to cure her. You beleev'd her blood
Ran in ſuch courſes as you underſtood,
By Lectures you beleev'd her Arteries
Grew as they do in your Anatomies,
Forgetting that the State allowes you none,
But onely whores and theeves to practiſe on:
And every paſſage 'bout them I am ſure
You underſtood, and only them can cure,
Which is the cauſe that both ——
Are noted for enjoying ſo long lives.

But noble bloud treads in too ſtrange a path:
For your ill got experience; and hath
Another way of cure. If you have ſeen
Penelope diſſected or the Queen
Of *Sheba*, than you might have found a way
To have preſerved from that fatall day.
As tis. You have but made her ſooner bleſt,
By ſending her to heaven, where let her reſt.
I will not hurt the peace which ſhe ſhould have,
By longer looking in her quiet grave.

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FINIS.

The Method.

First of Mariage, and the effect thereof Children. Then of his contrary, Lust; *then for his choice, first, his opinion negatively, what should not be: the First, causes of it, that is, neither* Beauty, Birth, *nor* Portion. *Then affirmative, what should be of which kind there are four:* Goodness, Knowledge, Discretion, *and as a second thing* Beauty. *The first only absolutely good: the other being built upon the first do likewise become so. Then the application of that woman by love to himself, which makes her a Wife. And lastly, the onely condition of a Wife,* Fitness.

A WIFE.

EAch Woman is a *brief* of womankind,
And doth in little even as much contain,
As, in one day and Night, all life we find,
Of either, More, is but the same again:
God fram'd Her so, that to her *Husband* she,
As *Eve*, should all the *world of woman be.*

So

So fram'd he Both, that *neither* power he gave
Use of themselves, but by exchange to make:
Whence in their face, the *Fair* no pleasure have;
But by *reflex* of what thence *other* take.
Our Lips in their own Kisse no pleasure find:
Toward their proper Face, our eyes are blind.

So God in *Eve* did *perfect* Man *begun*;
Till then, in vain much of himself he had:
In *Adam* God created only *one*,
Eve & the *world to come*, in *Eve* he made. (straies
We are *two halves*: whiles each from other
Both barren are; *Joind*, *both* their *like* can raise.

At first, both *Sexes* were in *Man* combin'd,
Man, *She-Man* did with in his body breed;
Adam was *Eves*, *Eve* Mother of Mankind,
Eve from *Live-Flesh*, Man did from *Dust* proceed.
One, thus made *two*, *Mariage* doth re-unite,
And makes them both but one *Hermaphrodite*.

Man

Man did but the *well-being* of this life
From *VVoman* take; her *Being* she from *Man*:
And therefore *Eve* created was a Wife,
And at the end of all her *Sex*, began:
Mariage their object is: their *Being* then,
And now *perfection*, they receive from men.

Mariage; to all whose joyes *two parties* be,
And *doubled* are by being parted so,
Wherein the very *Act* is Chastity,
Whereby *two souls* into one *body* go.
Which makes *two*, *one*; while here they living be,
And after death in their *posterity*.

God to *each Man a private Woman* gave,
That in that *Center* his *desires* might stint,
That he a *comfort* like himself might have,
And that on her *his like* he might *imprint*,
Double is Womans *use*, part of their end,
Doth on *this Age*, part on the next depend.

We fill but *part* of *time*, and cannot dye,
Till we the world a *freſh ſupply* have lent
Children are bodies ſole *Eternity*;
Nature is *Gods*, *Art* is *mans* inſtrument.
Now all *mans Art* but only dead things makes,
But herein *man* in things of *life* partakes.

For wandering *luſt*; I know 'tis infinite,
It ſtill begins, and adds not more to more.
The *guilt* is everlaſting, the *delight*,
This inſtant doth not feel, of that before.
The taſte of it is only in the *Senſe*,
The *operation* in the *conſcience*.

VVoman is not *luſts bounds*, but *Woman kind*;
One is *loves number*: who from that doth fall,
Hath loſt his hold, and no *new reſt* ſhall find;
Vice hath no mean, but not to be at all,
A *Wife* is that *enough*; *Luſt* cannot find;
For *Luſt* is ſtill with *want*, or *too much*, *pin'd*.

Bare

A WIFE.

Bate *luſt* the ſin, my ſhare is ev'n with his,
For *Not to luſt*, and to *Enjoy* is one:
And more or leſs paſt, *equall* nothing is;
I ſtill have *one*, luſt *one at once*, alone:
And though the woman often changed be,
Yet He's the ſame without variety.

Marriage our *luſt* (as 'twere with fuell fire)
Doth, with a medicine *of the ſame*, allay;
And not *forbid*, but *rectifie deſire*.
My ſelf I cannot chuſe, *my wife* I may:
And in the choice of *Her*, it much doth lye,
To mend my ſelf in my poſterity.

Or rather let me *love*, than *be in love*;
So let me chuſe, as *VVife* and *Friend* to find.
Let me forget her *Sex*, when I *approve*:
Beaſts likeneſs lies in *ſhape*, but ours in *mind*:
Our *Souls no Sexes* have, their love is clean,
No *Sex*, both in the *better part* are *men*.

But Phyſick for our *luſt* their bodies be,
But matter fit to ſhew our love upon:
But only *ſhels* for our *poſterity*,
Their ſouls were giv'n leſt men ſhould be alone:
For but the *Souls interpreters, word be*,
Without which *Bodies* are no company.

That *goodly fram* we ſee of fleſh and blood,
Their *faſhion* is not *weight*; it is I ſay
But their *Lay-part* but well diſgeſted food;
This but 'twixt *Duſt and Duſt-lifes middle way*:
The worth of it is nothing that is *ſeen*,
But only that it holds a *Soul* within.

And all the carnall *Beauty* of my Wife,
Is but skin-deep, but to *two ſences* known;
Short even of pictures, ſhorter liv'd then Life,
And yet the *love* ſurvives, that's built thereon:
For our *Imagination* is too high,
For *Bodies* when they meet, to ſatisfie.

All

All Shapes, all Colours, are *alike* in *Night*,
Nor doth our *Touch* diſtinguiſh *foul or fair*;
But mans *imagination*, and his *ſight*;
And thoſe, but the firſt weak: by Cuſtome are
Both made alike, which differed at firſt *view*,
Nor can that difference *abſence* much renew.

For can that *Beauty*, lying in the *Face*,
But meerly by *imagination* be
Enjoy'd by us, in an *inferiour place*.
Nor can that *Beauty* by *injoying we*
Make *ours become*; ſo *our deſire* grows lame,
We changed are, but it remains the ſame,

Birth, leſſe than *Beauty*, ſhall my reaſon blind,
Her *birth* goes to my *Children*, not to me:
Rather had I that *active Gentry* finde,
Vertue, than *paſſive* from her Anceſtry;
Rather in *her alive* one vertue ſee,
Than all the reſt dead in her *pedigree*.

A WIFE.

In the degrees, high rather, be ſhe plaſt,
Of *Nature*, than of *Art*, and *Policy*:
Gentry is but a *relique* of time paſt:
And Love doth only but the *preſent* ſee; (*ſame*
Things were firſt made, than *words* ſhe were the
With, or *without*, *that title* or that name.

As for (the oddes of Sexes) *Portion*,
Nor will I ſhun it, nor my aim it make;
Birth, *beauty*, *wealth*, are nothing worth alone,
All theſe I would for *good additions* take,
Nor for *good parts*, thoſe *two are* ill combin'd,
Whom, any *third* thing from themſelves hath (join'd.
Rather than theſe the object of my love,
Let it be good when theſe with vertue go,
They (in themſelves *indifferent*) vertues prove;
For *good* (like fire) turns all things to be ſo.
Gods Image in Her *Soul*, O let me place
My *love* upon! not *Adams* in her *face*.

Good

A WIFE.

Good, is a fairer attribute than *white*,
'*T*is the *minds beauty* keeps the *other* ſweet,
*T*hat's not ſtill one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor gloſſe, nor painting can it counterfeit,
Nor doth it raiſe deſires, which ever tend
At once, to their perfection and their end.

By *Good* I would have *Holy* underſtood,
So *God* ſhe cannot love but alſo me,
The Law requires our *words* and *deeds* be good,
*R*eligion even the *T*houghts doth ſanctifie:
As ſhe is *more* a *Maid* that raviſht is;
Then ſhe which only doth but wiſh amiſſe.

Luſt onely by *Religion* is withſtood,
Luſts object is alive, his ſtrength within;
Mortality reſiſts but in *cold blood*;
*R*eſpect of *credit* feareth *ſhame*, not *ſin*.
But no place *dark enough* for ſuch offence
She finds, that's *watch*, by her own *conſcience*.

Then may I truſt her *Body* with her *mind*,
And, thereupon ſecure need never know
The pangs of *Jealouſie*: and *Love* doth find
More pain to *doubt* her falſe, than know her ſo:
For *patience* is, of evils that are known,
The certain remedie; but *doubt* hath none.

And be that thought *once* ſtir'd, 'twill never die:
Nor will the griefe more mild by cuſtome prove,
Nor yet *amendment* can it ſatisfie,
The *Anguiſh* more or leſſe, is *as our love*;
This miſery doth *Jealouſie* enſue,
That we may prove her *falſe*, but cannot *True*.

Suſpicious may the will of *luſt* reſtrain,
But *God* prevents from having ſuch a *will*.
A *Wife* that's *Good*, doth *Chaſte* & *more* con-
For *Chaſte* is but an *Abſtinence* from ill: (tain,
And in a *Wife* that's *Bad*, although the *beſt*
Of qualities, yet in a *Good* the *laſt*.

To

To bear the means is *Care*, not *Jealouſie*:
Some *lawfull* things to be avoyded are,
When they *occaſion* of *unlawfull* be:
Luſt ere it hurts, is beſt deſcry'd afarre:
Luſt is a ſinne *of two*; he that is ſure
Of *either* part, may be of *both* ſecure.

Give me next *Good*, an *underſtanding* Wife,
By Nature *wiſe*, not *learned* by much Art,
Some *Knowledge* on her ſide, will all my life
More ſcope of converſation impart:
Beſides her inborn vertue fortifie. (why.
They are moſt firmly good, that beſt know

A *paſſive underſtanding* to conceive,
And judgement to diſcern, I wiſh to find:
Beyond that all as hazardous I leave;
Learning and *pregnant wit* in woman-kind,
What it findes malleable, makes-frail,
And doth not adde more *ballaſt*, but more *ſail*.

Domeſticke

Domeſtick Charge doth beſt that *ſex* befit,
Contiguous buſineſs; ſo to fix the mind,
That *leaſure* ſpace for *Fancies* not admit:
Their *leaſure* 'tis corrupteth *woman-kind*.
Elſe, being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to Heav'n a ſhorter cut than we.

Books are a part of mans prerogative,
In formal Ink they *thoughts* and *voices* hold,
That we to them our ſolitude may give,
And make *Time-preſent* travell that of *old*.
Our life, *Fame* peiceth longer at the end,
And *books* it farther backward do extend.

As *good*, and knowing let her be diſcreet,
That, to the others *weight*, *doth faſhion* bring;
Diſcretion doth conſider what is fit.
Goodneſs but what is *lawful*, but the thing,
Not *circumſtances*, *Learning* is and *wit*,
In men, but *curious folly without it*.

To keep their Name, when 'tis in others hands,
Diſcretion askes; their *credit* is by far
More *frail* than *They*: on likelihoods it ſtands,
And hard to be diſprov'd *luſts ſlanders* are.
Their *carriage*, not their *chaſtity* alone,
Muſt keep their *Name* chaſt from *ſuſpition*.

Womans *behaviour* is a ſurer bar
Than is their *No*: *That* fairly doth *deny*,
Without *denying*; *thereby* kept they are
Safe ev'n from *Hope*; in part to blame is ſhe,
Which hath *without conſent* bin only tride;
He comes *too near*, that comes to be *denied*.

Now ſince a *woman* we to *marry* are
A *Soul* and *body*, not a *ſoul* alone,
When one is *good*, then be the other *fair*;
Beauty is Health and *beauty*, both in one;
Be ſhe ſo fair, as change can yeild no gain,
So fair, as ſhe moſt *women* elſe contain.

ſo

So fair at leaſt let me imagine Her;
That thouht to *me*, is *Truth*: *opinion*
Cannot in matter of *opinion* erre;
With no eyes ſhall I ſee her but *mine own*,
And as my *Fancy Her* conceives to be,
Even ſuch my Senſes both, doe *feel* and *ſee*.

The *face* we may the ſeat of *beauty* call,
In it the reliſh of the reſt doth lye,
Nay ev'n a figure of the *mind* withall:
And of the *Face*, the *Life* moves in the *Eye*;
No things elſe, being *two* ſo like we ſee,
So like, that they, *two* but in number, be.

Beauty in *decent ſhape*, and *Colours* lies.
Colours the *matter* are, and *ſhape* the *Soul*;
The *Soul*, which from no ſingle part doth riſe,
But from the juſt proportion of the *whole*,
And is a meer *ſpirituall harmony*,
Of every part united in the *Eye*.

Love

A WIFE.

Love is a kind of *Superſtition*,
Which fears the *Idol* which it ſelf hath fram'd:
Luſt a Deſire, which rather from his *own*
Temper, than from the object is inflam'd:
Beauty is Loves *object*, *Woman* Luſt's to gain;
Love, Love Deſires; *Luſt* onely to *obtain*.

No circumſtance doth *Beauty* beautifie,
Like gracefull *faſhion*, native *Comelineſs*.
Nay ev'n gets pardon for *Deformity*;
Art cannot ought beget, but may increaſe;
When *Nature* had fixt *Beauty*, perfect made,
Something ſhe left for *Motion* to adde.

But let that *faſhion* more to *modeſty*
Tend, than *aſſurance*: *Modeſty* doth ſet
The face in her juſt place, from *paſſions* free,
'Tis both the *minds*, and *bodies beauty met*;
But *modeſty* no vertue can we ſee;
That is the faces onely *Chaſtity*.

Where *goodneſs* fails, 'twixt ill and ill *that* ſtands
Whence tis, that *women* though they weaker be,
And their deſire more ſtrong, yet on their hands
The *chaſtity* of *men* doth often lye:
Luſt would more common be than any one,
Could it as other ſins be done *alone*.

All theſe *good parts a Perfect woman* make:
Add *love to me*, they make a *Perfect Wife*:
Without her *love*, her *beauty* ſhould I take,
As that of *Pictures*; dead; *That* gives it life:
Till then her *beauty* like the Sun doth ſhine
Alike to all; *That* makes it, only *mine*.

And of that *love* let *Reaſon Father* be,
And *Paſſion Mother* let it from the one
His *being* take, the other his degree;
Self-love (which ſecond Loves hath built upon)
Will make me (if not *her*) her love reſpect;
No man but favours his own worths effect.

As

As *good* as *wiſe*; ſo be ſhe fit for me,
That is, To *will*, and *Not to will* the ſame,
My *Wife* is my *Adopted ſelf*, and ſhe
As Me, ſo what I love, to love muſt frame.
For when by Mariage both in one concur,
VVoman converts to man, not man to her.

FINIS.

The Authors Epitaph, written by himſelf.

THe Span of my days meaſur'd, here I reſt,
That is, my body, but my ſoul his gueſt,
Is hence aſcended: whither, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but only love can clime;
Where being now enlightned, She doth know
The Truth of all, men argue of below,
Onely this duſt doth here in pawn remain,
That, when the world diſſolves, ſhe come

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Characters

OR,

VVitty descriptions of the properties of sundry persons.

A good Woman.

A Good Woman is a comfort, like a man. She lacks of him nothing but heat. Thence is her sweetness of disposition which meets his stoutness more pleasingly; so wooll meets Iron easier than Iron; and turns resisting into embracing. Her greatest

learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her own *Sex*, or on men, without casting the difference. *Dishonesty* never comes nearer than her ears, and then wonder stops it out, and saves vertue the labour. She leaves the neat youth, telling his *lushious* tales, and puts back the *Serving-mans* putting forward, with a frown: yet her kindness is free enough to be seen, for it hath no guilt about it: and her mirth is clear, that you may look through it, into vertue, but not beyond. She hath not behaviour at a certain, but makes it to her occasion. She hath so much knowledge as to love it; and if she have it not at home, she will fetch it, for this sometimes in a pleasant discontent she dares chide her *Sex*, though she use it never the worse. She is much within, and frames outward things to her mind, not her mind to them. She wears good cloathes, but never better; for she finds no degree beyond *Decencie*. She hath a content of her own, and so seeks not an husband, but finds him. She is indeed

moſt, but not much of deſcription, for ſhe is direct and one, and hath not the variety of ill. Now ſhe is given freſh and alive to a Husband, and ſhe doth nothing more than love him, for ſhe takes him to that purpoſe. So his good becomes the buſineſs of her actions, and ſhe doth her ſelf kindneſs upon him. After his, her chiefeſt vertue is a good husband. For *Shee is Hee.*

A very Woman.

A *very Woman*, is a dow-bak't man, or a *She* meant well towards man, but fell two bowes ſhort, *ſtrength* and *underſtanding*. Her vertue is the hedge, *Modeſty* that keeps a man from climbing over into her faults. She ſimpers as if ſhe had no teeth but lips: and ſhe divides her eyes, and keeps half for her ſelf,

and gives the other to her neat *Youth*. Being ſet down, ſhe caſts her face into a plat form, which dureth the meal, and is taken away with the voider. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirſt, and it is a part of their myſtery not to profeſſe hunger; but *Nature* takes her in private, and ſtretcheth her upon meat. She is *Marriageable* and *Fourteen* at once; and after ſhe doth not live, but tarry. She reads over her face every morning, and ſometimes blots out pale, and writes red. She thinks ſhe is fair, though many times her opinion goes alone, and ſhe loves her glaſſe and the Knight of the Sun for lying. She is hid away all but her face and that's hang'd about with toyes and devices, like the ſign of a Tavern, to draw *Strangers*. If ſhe ſhew more, ſhe prevents deſire, and by too free giving, leaves no *Gift*. She may eſcape from the ſerving-man, but not from the Chamber-maid. She commits with her ears for certain: after that ſhe may go for a maid, but ſhe hath been lyen with,

in

in her understanding. Her *Phylosophy*, is a seeming neglect of those, that be too good for her. She's a younger brother for her portion, but not for her portion for wit, that comes from her in a treble, which is still too big for it; yet her *Vanity* seldome matcheth her, with one of her own degree, for then she will beget another creature a begger, and commonly, if she marry better she marries worse. She gets much by the simplicity of her Sutor, and for a jest, laughs at him without one. Thus she dresses a husband for her self, and after takes him for his patience, and the Land adjoyning, ye may see it; in a Serving-mans fresh *Napery*, and his Leg steps into an unknown stocking. I need not speak of his *Garters*, the tassell shews it self. If she love, she loves not the Man, but the best of him. She is *Salomons* cruel creature, and a mans walking consumption: every caudle she gives him, is a purge. Her chief commendation is, she brings a man to repentance.

Her next part.

HEr lightneſſe gets her to ſwim at top of the table, where her wrie little finger bewraies *carving*; her nighbors at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpoſe ſhe quencheth her thirſt. She travels to and among, and ſo becomes a woman of good entertainment, for all the folly in the Country comes in clean Linnin to viſit her: ſhe breaks to them her grief in ſuger cakes, and receives from their mouths in exchange many ſtories that conclude to no purpoſe. Her eldeſt Son is like her howſoever, and that diſpraiſeth him beſt: her utmoſt drift is to turn him Fool, which commonly ſhe obtains at the years of diſcretion. She takes a journey ſometimes to her Neeces houſe, but never thinks beyond *London*. Her *Devotion* is good clothes, they carry her to Church, expreſſe their ſtr fe and faſhion, and are ſilent if ſhe

be

be more devout, ſhe lifts up a certain number of eyes, in ſtead of prayers, and takes the Sermon, and meaſures out a nap by it, juſt as long. She ſends Religion afore to *Sixty*, where ſhe never overtakes it, or drives it before her again: Her moſt neceſſary inſtruments are a *waiting Gentle-woman*, and a *Chamber-maid*; ſhe weares her Gentle-woman ſtill, but moſt often leaves the other in her Chamber window. She hath a little *Kennell* in her lap, and ſhe ſmels the ſweeter for it. The utmoſt reach of her *Providence* is the fatneſſe of a Capon, and her greateſt envy, is the next Gentlewomans better Gown. Her moſt commendable skill, is to make her Husbands fuſtian bear her Velvet. This ſhe doth many times over, and then is delivered to old Age and a Chair, where every body leaves her.

A diſſembler.

IS an eſſence needing a double definition, for he is not that he appears. Unto the eye he is pleaſing, unto the eare he is harſh, but unto the underſtanding intricate, and full of windings: he is the *prima materia*, and his intents give him form, he dyeth his means and his meaning into two colors, he baits craft with humility, and his countenance is the picture of the preſent diſpoſition. He wins not by battery, but undermining, and his racke is ſmoothing. He allures, is not allur'd by his affections, for they are the broakers of his obſervation. He knows paſſion only by ſufferance, and reſiſteth by obeying. He makes his time an accomptant to his memory, and of the humours of men weaves a net for occaſion: the inquiſitor muſt look through his judgement, for to the eye only he is not viſible.

A Cour-

A Courtier

TO all mens thinking is a man, and to moſt men the fineſt: all things elſe are defined by the underſtanding, but this by the ſenſes; but his ſureſt marke is, that he is to be found only about Princes. He ſmels; and putteth away much of his judgement about the ſituation of his clothes. He knows no man that is not generally known. His wit, like the *Marigold*, openeth with the *Sun*, and therfore he riſeth not before ten of the clock. He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronunciation than his words. *Occaſion* is his *Cupid*, and he hath but one receit of making love. He follows nothing but inconſtancy, admires nothing but beauty, honors nothing but fortune. Loves nothing. The ſuſtenance of his diſcourſe is News, and his cenſure like a ſhot depends upon the charging. He is not, if he be out of Court, but

but fiſh-like breaths deſtruction, if out of his element. Neither his motion, or aſpect are regular, but he moves by the upper *Spheares*, and is the reflection of higher ſubſtances.

If you find him not here, you ſhall in *Pauls*, with a picke tooth in his Hat, a capecloak, and a long ſtocking.

A Golden Aſſe

IS a young thing, whoſe Father went to the Devill; he is followed like a ſalt bitch, and limb'd by him that gets up firſt; his diſpoſition is cut, and knaves rent him like Tenter-hooks; he is as blind as his mother, and ſwallowes flatterers for frinds. He is high in his own imagination; but that imagination is as a ſtone, that is raiſed by violence, deſcends naturally. When he goes, he looks who looks: if he finds not good ſtore of vai-'ers, he comes home ſtiffe and ſeer, untill he

he be new oyled and watered by his husbandmen. Whereſoever he eates he hath an officer, to warn men not to talke out of his element, and his own is exceeding ſenſible, becauſe it is ſenſuall; but he cannot exchange a peece of reaſon, though he can a peece of gold. He is naught pluckt, for his feathers are his beauty, and more than his beauty; they are his diſcretion, his countenance, his All. He is now at an end, for he heath had the Wolf of vain glory, which he fed, untill himſelf became the food.

A Flatterer

IS *the ſhadow of a Fool.* He is a good wood-man, for he ſingleth out none but the wealthy. His carriage is ever of the colour of his patient; and for his ſake he will halt or wear a wrie necke. He diſpraiſeth nothing but poverty, and

and ſmall drink, and praiſeth his grace of making water. He ſelleth himſelf, with reckoning his great Eriends, and teacheth the preſent, how to win his praiſes by reciting the other gifts: he is ready for all imployments, but eſpecially before Dinner, for his courage and his ſtomack goe together. He will play any upon his countenance, and where he cannot be admitted for a counſeller, he will ſerve as a fool. He frequents the Court of Wards and Ordinaries, and fits theſe gueſts of *Togæ virilis*, with wives or whores. He entreth young men into acquaintance with debt-books. In a word, he is the impreſſion of the laſt term, and will be ſo, untill the comming of a new term or termer.

An ignorant Glory-hunter

IS an *inſectum animal*; for he is the maggot of opinion, his behaviour is another thing from himſelf, and is glewed, and

and but ſet on. He entertains men with repetitions, and returns them their own words. He is ignorant of nothing, no not of thoſe things, where ignorance is the leſſer ſhame. He gets the names of good wits, and utters them for his companions. He confeſſeth vices that he is guiltleſſe of, if they be in faſhion; and dares not ſalute a man in old cloathes, or out of faſhion. There is not a publick aſſembly without him, and he will take any pains for an acquaintance there. In any ſhew he will be one, though he be but a whiffler. or a torch-bearer; and bears down ſtrangers with the ſtory of his actions. He handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrobe, diet, and all cuſtomes, with entituling their beginnings from Princes, great Souldiers, and ſtrang Nations. He dares ſpeak more than he underſtands, and adventures his words without the releif of any ſeconds. He relates battles, and skirmiſhes, as from an eye-witneſſe, when his eyes theeviſhly beguiled a ballad of them. In a word, to

make ſure of admiration, he will not let himſelf underſtand himſelf, but hopes fame and opinion will be the Readers of his Riddles.

A Timiſt

IS *a noune Adjective of the preſent tenſe.* He hath no more of a conſcience than Fear, and his religion is not his but the Princes. He reverenceth a Courtiers Servants ſervant. Is firſt his own Slave, and then whoſoever looketh big; when he gives he curſeth, and when he ſels he worſhips. He reads the ſtatutes in his Chamber, and wears the Bible in the ſtreets: he never praiſeth any, but before themſelves or friends: and miſlikes no great mans actions during his life. His new-years gifts are ready at *Alhalomas*, and the ſute he meant to meditate before them. He pleaſeth the children of great men;

men, and promiſeth to adopt them; and his courteſie extends it ſelf even to the ſtable. He ſtrains to talke wiſely, and his modeſty would ſerve a Bride. He is gravity from the head to the foot; but not from the head to the heart: you may find what place he affecteth, for he creeps as near it as may be, and as paſſionately courts it; if at any time his hopes be affected, he ſwelleth with them; and they burſt out too good for the veſſell. In a word, he danceth to the tune of fortune, and ſtudies for nothing but to keep time.

An Amoriſt

IS a Man blaſted or planet-ſtrooken, and is the Dogge that leads blind *Cupid*; when he is at the beſt, his faſhion exceeds the worth of his weight. He is never without verſes, and musk comfects; and ſighs to the hazzard of his buttons;

tons; his eyes are all white, either to weare the livery of his miſtris complexion, or to keep *Cupid* from hitting the blacke. He fights with paſſion, and loſeth much of his bloud by his weapon; dreams, thence his paleneſs. His arms are careleſly uſed, as if their beſt uſe was nothing but embracements. He is untruſt, unbutton'd and ungartered not out of careleſneſs, but care; his fartheſt end being but going to bed. Some times he wraps his petition in neatneſſe, but he goeth not alone; for then he makes ſome other quality moralize his affection, and his trimneſs is the grace of that grace. Her favour lifts him up, as the Sun moiſture; when ſhe diſfavours, unable to hold that happineſs, it falls down in tears; his fingers are his Orators, and he expreſſeth much of himſelf upon ſome inſtrament. He anſwers not, or not to the purpoſe; and no marvell, for he is not at home. He ſcotcheth time with dancing with his Miſtris, taking up of her glove, and wearing her feather; he

he is confin'd to her colour, and dares not paſſe out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination is a fool, and it goeth in a pyde coat of red and white: ſhortly, he is tranſlated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glaſſe of luſt, and himſelf the traitor to his own diſcretion.

An Affectate Traveller

IS a ſpeaking faſhion; he hath taken pains to be ridiculous, and hath ſeen more than he hath perceived. His attire ſpeaks *French* or *Italian*, and his *gate* cries, *Behold me*. He cenſures all things by countenances, and ſhrugs, and ſpeaks his own language with ſhame and liſping: he will choak, rather than confeſſe *Beer* good drink; and his pick-tooth is a main part of his behaviour. He chuſeth rather to be counted a *Spie*, than not a *Politician* and maintains his reputation by naming

great men familiarly. He chuſeth rather to tell lies, than not wonders, and talkes with men ſingly: his diſcourſe ſounds big, but means nothing: and his boy is bound to admire him howſoever. He comes ſtill from great perſonages, but goes with mean. He takes occaſion to ſhew jewels given him in regard of his vertue, that were bought in St. *Martines*: and not long after having with a *Mountebanks* method pronounced them worth thouſands, impawneth them for a few ſhillings. Upon feſtival dayes he goes to Court, and ſalutes without reſaluting: at night in an Ordinary he canvaſſeth the buſineſſe in hand, and ſeems as converſant with all intents and plots as if he begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, firſt to tell them the ends of all matters of conſequence, and then to borrow mony of them; he offers courteſies, to ſhew them, rather than himſelf humble. He diſdains all things above his reach, and preferreth all Countries before his own. He imputeth his want and poverty

ty to the ignorance of the time, not his own unworthineſs: and concludes his diſcourſe with half a period, or a word, and leaves the reſt to imagination. In a word, his religion is faſhion, and both body and ſoul are governed by fame, he loves moſt voyces above truth.

A Wiſeman

IS the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reaſonable creature. His diſpoſition alters, he alters not. He hides himſelf with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is content to be governed by them. He looks according to nature, ſo goes his behaviour. His mind enjoyes a continuall ſmoothneſs: ſo cometh it, that his conſideration is alwaies at home. He endures the faults of all men ſilently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirrour of their

actions; by this means, his peace commeth not from Fortune, but himſelf. He is cunning in men, not to ſurprize, but keep his own, and beates off their ill affected humours, no otherwiſe than if they were flyes. He chuſeth not friends by the Subſidy-book, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He maintains the ſtrength of his body, not by delicates, but temperance: and his mind, by giving it prehemineence over his body. He underſtands things, not by their forme, but qualities; and his compariſons intend not to excuſe but to provoke him higher. He is not ſubject to caſualities; for Fortune hath nothing to do with the mind, except thoſe drowned in the body: but he hath divided his ſoul from the caſe of his ſoul, whoſe weakneſs he aſſiſts no otherwiſe than commiſeratively, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will be thus: and lives ſubject neither to Time nor his frailties, the ſervant of vertue, and by vertue, the friend of the higheſt.

A Noble Spirit.

HAth ſurveied and fortified his diſpoſition, and converts all occurrents into experience, betwen which experience and his reaſon, there is mariage; the iſſue are his actions. He circuits his intents, and ſeeth the end before he ſhot. Men are the inſtruments of his Art, and there is no man without his uſe: occaſion incites him, none enticeth him: and he moves by affection, not for affection; he loves glory, ſcornes ſhame, and governeth and obeyeth with one countenance; for it comes from one conſideration. He cals not the variety of the world chances, for his meditation hath travelled over them; and his eye mounted upon his underſtanding, ſeeth them as things underneath. He covers not his body with delicacies, nor excuſeth theſe delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, ſince it is not able to defend its own imbecility to ſhew

or ſuffer. He licenceth not his weakneſſe, to wear Fate, but knowing reaſon to be no idle gift of Nature. He is the Steeresman of his own deſtiny. Truth is the Goddeſſe, and he takes pains to get her, not to look like her. He knows the condition of the world, that he muſt act one thing like another, and then another. To theſe he carries his deſires, and not his deſires him, and ſtickes not faſt by the way (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing the circle of all courſes of all intents, of all things, to have but one center or period, without all diſtraction, he haſteth thither and ends there, as his true and naturall element. He doth not contemn fortune, but not confeſſe her. He is no Gameſter of the world (which onely complain and praiſe her) but being only ſenſible of the honeſty of actions, contemnes a particular profit as the excrement of ſcum. Unto the ſociety of men he is a *Sun*, whoſe clearneſſe directs their ſteps in a regular motion: when he is more particular, he is the wiſe

mans

mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him: and he feels age more by the ſtrength of his ſoul, than the weakneſs of his body; thus feels he no pain, but eſteems all ſuch things as friends, that deſire to file off his fetters, and help him out of priſon.

An Oldman

IS a thing that hath been a Man in his daies. Old men are to be known blindfolded: for their talk is as terrible as their reſemblance. They praiſe their own times as vehemently, as if they would ſell them. They become wrinckled with frowning and facing youth; they admire their old cuſtomes, even to the eating of red herring, and going wetſhod. They caſt the thumb under the girdle, Gravity; and becauſe they can

hardly ſmell at all their Poſies are under their girdles. They count it an ornament of ſpeech, to cloſe the period with a Cough; and it is venerable (they ſay) to ſpend time in wiping their driveled beards. Their diſcourſe is unanſwerable, by reaſon of their obſtinacy: their ſpeech is much, though little to the purpoſe. Truths and lyes paſſe with an unequal affirmation: for their memories ſeveral is won into one receptacle, and ſo they come out with one ſence. They teach their Servants their duties with as much ſcorn and tyranny, as ſome people teach their dogs to fetch. Their envy is one of their diſeaſes. They put off and on their cloaths, with that certainty, as if they knew their heads would not direct them, and therefore cuſtom ſhould. They take a pride in halting and going ſtiffely, and therefore their ſtaves are carved and tipped: they truſt their attire with much of their gravity; and they dare not go without a gown in Summer. Their hats are bruſhed, to draw mens eyes off from

their

their faces; but of all, their *Pomanders* are worn to moſt purpoſe, for their putrified breath ought not to want either a ſmell to defend or a dog to excuſe.

A Countrey Gentleman

IS a thing, out of whoſe corruption the generation of a Juſtice of Peace is produced. He ſpeaks ſtatutes and huſbandry well enough, to make his neighbors thinke him a wiſe man; he is well ſkilled in *Arithmatiek* or rates: and hath eloquence enough to ſave two-pence. His converſation amongſt his Tenants is deſperate; but amongſt his equals full of doubt. His travell is ſeldome farther than the next market Town, and his inquiſition is about the price of Corn: when he travelleth, he will go ten mile out of the way to a Couſins houſe of his to ſave charges, he rewards the Servants by taking him by the hand when he departs.

parts. Nothing under a *Sub pœne* can draw him to *London*: and when he is there, he ſticks faſt upon every object, caſts his eyes away upon gazing, and becomes the prey of every Cut-purſe. When he comes home, thoſe wonders ſerve him for his holy-day talk. If he go to Court; it is in yellow ſtockings; and if it be in Winter, in a ſlight tafety cloak, and pumps and pantofles. He is chained that wooes the Uſher for his comming into the preſence, where he becomes troubleſome with the ill managing of his Rapier, and the wearing of his girdle of one faſhion, and the hangers of another; by this time he hath learned to kiſſe his hand, and make a leg both together, and the names of Lords and Counſellors; he hath thus much toward entertainment and courteſie, but of the laſt he makes more uſe; for by the recitall of *my Lord*, he conjures his poor countrimen. But this is not his element, he muſt home again, being like a Dor, that ends his flight in a dunghill.

A fine

A fine Gentleman

IS *the Cynamon tree*, whoſe bark is more worth than his body. He hath read the Book of good manners, and by this time each of his limbs may read it. He alloweth of no judge, but the eye; painting, boulſtering, and bombaſting are his *Orators*: by theſe alſo he proves his induſtry: for he hath purchaſed legs, hair, beauty, and ſtraightneſſe, more than Nature left him. He unlockes Maiden-heads with his language, and ſpeaks *Euphues*, not ſo gracefully as heartily. His diſcourſe makes not his behaviour, but he buyes it at Court, as Countreymen their clothes in Birchinlane. He is ſomewhat like the *Salamander*, and lives in the flame of love, which pains he expreſſeth comically: and nothing grieves him ſo much, as the want of a Poet to make an iſſue in his love; yet he ſighes ſweetly and ſpeaks lamentably: for his

his breath is perfumed, and his words are wind. He is beſt in ſeaſon at Chriſtmas; for the Boares head and Reveller come together; his hopes are laden in his quality: and leſt Fidlers ſhould take him unprovided, he wears pumps in his pocket: and leſt he ſhould take Fidlers unprovided, he whiſtles his own Galliard. He is a Calender of ten years, and mariage ruſts him. Afterwards he maintains himſelf an implement of houſhold, by carving and uſhering. For all this, he is judiciall only in Taylors and Barbers, but his opinion is ever ready, and ever idle. If you will know more of his acts, the Brokers ſhop is the witneſſe of his valour, where lyes wounded, dead rent, and out of faſhion, many a ſpruce Sute, overthrown by his fantaſtickneſſe.

An El-

An Elder Brother

IS a Creature born to the beſt advantage of things without him; that hath the ſtart at the beginning but loiters it away before the ending. He looks like his Land, as heavily and durtily, as ſtubbornly. He dares do any thing but fight; and fears nothing but his Fathers life; and minority. The firſt thing he makes known, is his Eſtate; and the Load-ſtone that draws him, is the upper end of the Table. He woeth by a particular; and his ſtrongeſt argument is all about the Joynture. His obſervation is all about the faſhion, and he commends Partlets for a rare device. He ſpeaks; no language, but ſmels of Dogs, or Hawks; and his ambition flies Juſtice-height. He loves to be commended; and he will goe into the Kitchin, but heel have it. He loves glory; but is ſo lazy, as he is content with flattery. He ſpeakes moſt of the precedency

dency of age, and proteſts fortune the greateſt vertue. He ſummoneth the old ſervants, and tells what ſtrange acts he will doe when he raigns. He verily believes houſe-keepers the beſt commonwealths men; and therefore ſtudies baking, brewing greaſing, and ſuch as the limbes of goodneſs. He judgeth it no ſmall ſign of wiſdome to talke much; his tongue therefore goes continually his errand, but never ſpeeds. If his underſtanding were not honeſter than his will, no man ſhould keep good conceit by him; for he thinkes it no theft, to ſell all he can to opinion. His pedegree and his fathers ſealring are the ſtilts of his crazed diſpoſition. He had rather keep company with the dregs of men, than not to be the beſt man. His inſinuation is the inviting of men to his houſe; and he thinks it a great modeſty to comprehend his cheer under a peece of Mutton and a Rabbet; if he by this time be not known, he will go home again: for he can no more abide to have himſelf concealed, than his land;

land; yet he is (as you see) good for nothing, except to make a stallion to maintain the race.

A Braggadochio Welshman

IS the Oyster that the Pearl is in, for a man may be pickt out of him. He hath the abilities of the mind in *Potentia*, and *Actu* nothing but boldness. His cloathes are in fashion before his body and he accounts boldness the chiefest vertue; above all men he loves an Herauld, and speaks pedegrees naturally. He accounts none well descended, that call him not Cousin; and prefers *Owen Glendower* before any of the nine VVorthies. The first note of his familiarity is the confession of his valour; and so he prevents quarrells. He voucheth Welch, a pure and unconquered language, and Courts Ladies with the story of their Chronicle. To conclude, he is precious

in

in his own conceit, and upon St. *Davies* day without compariſon.

A Pedant.

HE treads in a rule, and one hand ſcans verſes, and the other holds his Scepter. He dares not think a thought, that the Nominative caſe governes not the Verbe; and he never had meaning in his life, for he travelled only for words. His ambition is *Criticiſme*, and his example *Tully*. He vallues phraſes, and elects them by the ſound, and the eight Parts of ſpeech are his Servants. To be brief, he is a *Heteroclite*, for he wants the plurar number, having onely the ſingle quality of words.

A Ser-

A Servingman

IS *a creature, which though he be not drunk, yet is not his own man.* He tells without asking who owns him, by the superscription of his Livery. His life is for ease and leasure, much about *Gentleman-like.* His wealth enough to suffice Nature, and sufficient to make him happy, if he were sure of it; for he hath little, and wants nothing, he values himself higher or lower, as his Master is. He hates or loves the men as his Master doth the Master. He is commonly proud of his Masters horses or his Christmas: he sleeps when he is sleepy, is of his religion, onely the clock of his stomack is set to go an hour after his. He seldome breaks his own cloaths. He never drinks but double, for he must be pledg'd; nor commonly without some short sentence nothing to the purpose: and seldome abstains till he comes to a thirst. His

discretion is to be carefull for his Masters credit, and his sufficiency to marshall dishes at a Table, and to carve well. His neatness consists much in his hair and outward linnen. His courting language, visible bawdy jests; and against his matter fail, he is alway ready furnished with a song. His inheritance is the Chamber-maid, but often purchaseth his Masters daughter, by reason of opportunity, or for want of a better, he always cuckolds himself, and never marries but his own Widdow. His Master being appeased, he becomes a Retainer, and entails himself and his posterity upon his heir-males for ever.

An Host

IS the kernell of a Sign: or the Sign is the shell, and *mine Host* is the Snail.

He

He consists of double beer and fellowship, and his vices are the bawds of his thirst. He entertains humbly, and gives his guests power, as well of himself as house. He answers all mens expectations to his power, save in the reckoning: and hath gotten the tricke of greatness, to lay all mis-likes upon his servants. His wife is the *Cummin seed* of his Dovehouse; and to be a good Guest is a warrant for her liberty. He traffiques for Guests by mens frinds friends friends, and is sensible onely of his purse. In a word, he is none of his own: for he neither eats, drinks, or thinks, but at other mens charges and appointments.

An Ostler

IS *a thing that scrubbeth unreasonably his horse, reasonably himself.*. He consists of Travellers, though he be none himself. His highest ambition is to be *Host*, and the invention of his sign is his

greateſt wit: for the expreſſing whereof he ſends away the Painters for want of underſtanding. He hath certain charmes for a horſe mouth, that he ſhould not eat his hay: and behind your back, he will couzen your horſe to his face. His curry-combe is one of his beſt parts, for he expreſſeth much by the gingling: and his mane-combe is a ſpinners card turn'd out of ſervice. He puffes and blows over your horſe, to the hazard of a double jug: and leaves much of the dreſſing to the proverb of *Muli mutuo ſcabient*, One horſe rubs another. He comes to him that cals loudeſt, not firſt; he takes a broken head patiently, but the knave he feels it not, utmoſt honeſty is good fellowſhip, and he ſpeakes Northern, what country-man ſoever. He hath a penſion of Ale from the next *Smith* and *Sadler* for intelligence: he loves to ſee you ride, and hold your ſtirrop in expectation.

The

The true Character of a Dunce.

HE hath a ſoul drown'd in a lump of fleſh, or is a peece of earth that *Promethews* put not half his proportion of fire into. A thing that hath neither edge of deſire, nor feeling of affection in it; the moſt dangerous creature for confirming an Atheiſt, who would ſwear his ſoul were nothing but the bare temperature of his body. He ſleeps as he goes, and his thoughts ſeldome reach an inch further than his eyes. The moſt part of the faculties of his ſoul lie fallow, or are like the reſtive Jades, that no ſpur can drive forwards towards the purſuit of any worthy deſignes. One of the moſt unprofitable of Gods creatures being as he is, a thing put clean beſides the right uſe, made fit for the cart and the flayl; and by miſchance intangled amongſt books and papers. A man cannot tell poſſibly what he is now good for,

for, ſave to move up and down and fill room, or to ſerve as *Animatum inſtrumentum*, for others to work withall in baſe imployments, or to be foile for better wits, or to ſerve (as they ſay Monſters doe) to ſet out the variety of nature, and ornament of the univerſe. He is meet nothing of himſelf, neither eats, nor drinkes, nor goes, nor ſpits, but by Imitation, for all which he hath ſet-formes and faſhions, which he never varies, but ſtickes to with the like plodding conſtance, that a mil-horſe followes his trace. But the Muſes and the Graces are his hard Miſtreſſes, though he daily invocate them, though he ſacrifice *Hecatombs*, they ſtill look aſquint. You ſhall note him of (beſides his dull eye, and lowring head, and a certain clammy benummed pace) by a fair diſplayed beard, a night-cap, and a gown, whoſe very wrinckles proclaim him the true *Genius* of familiarity. But of all others, his diſcourſe, and compoſitions beſt ſpeak him, both of them are much of one ſtuffe

and

and faſhion. He ſpeaks juſt what his books or laſt company ſaid unto him, without varying one whit, and very ſeldome underſtands himſelf. You may know by his diſcourſe where he was laſt: for what he heard or read yeſterday, he now diſchargeth his memory or Note-book of, not his underſtanding, for it never came there. What he hath, he flings abroad at all adventures, without accommodating it to time, place, or perſons, or occaſions. He commonly loſeth himſelf in his tale, and flutters up and down windleſſe without recovery, and whatſoever next preſents it ſelf, his heavy conceit ſeizeth upon, and goeth along with, how-ever *Heterogeneall* to his matter in hand. His Jeſts are either old ſtead *Proverbs*, or lean-ſtarv'd-hackney *Apothegmes*, or poor verball quips, outworn by Servingmen, Tapſters, and Milk-maids, even laid aſide by Balladers. He aſſents to all men that bring any ſhaddow of reaſon, and you may make him when he ſpeaks moſt Dog-

matically even with one breath, to aver poor contradictions. His compoſitions differ onely *terminorum poſitione*, from dreams; nothing but rude heaps of immaterial, incoherent, droſſie, rubbiſh ſtuffe, promiſcuouſly thruſt up together. Enough to infuſe dulneſſe and barrenneſs in conceit into him that is ſo prodigal of his ears, as to give the hearing. Enough to make a mans memory ake with ſuffering ſuch durty ſtuffe caſt into it. As unwelcome to any true conceit, as ſluttiſh morſels, or wallowiſh potions to a nice ſtomach, which whiles he empties himſelf, it ſticks in his teeth, nor can he be delivered without ſweat, and ſighes, and hems, and coughs, enough to ſhake his Grandams teeth out of her head. He ſpits, and ſcratches, and ſpawls, and turnes like ſick men from one elbow to another, and deſerves as much pitty during his torture, as men in fits of *Tertian Fevers*, or ſelf-laſhing Penitentiaries. In a word, rip him quite aſunder, and examine every ſhred of him, you

ſhall

ſhall find of him to be juſt nothing, but the ſubject of nothing; the object of contempt; yet ſuch as he is you muſt take him, for there is no hope he ſhould ever become better.

A good Wife

IS a mans beſt moveable, a ſcien incorporate with the ſtock, bringing ſweet fruit; one that to her huſband is more than a friend, leſſe than trouble: an equal with him in the yoke. Calamities and troubles ſhe ſhares alike, nothing pleaſeth her that doth not him. She is relative in all; and he without her, but half himſelf. She is his abſent hands, eyes, ears, and mouth: his preſent and abſent All. She frames her nature unto his howſoever: the *Hiacinth* followes not the *Sun* more willingly. Stubbornneſſe and obſtinacy

are

are hearbs that grow not in her garden. She leaves tattling to the Goſſips of the Town, and is more ſeen than heard. Her houſhold is her charge; her care to that, makes her ſeldom *non reſident*. Her pride is but to be cleanly, and her thrift not to be prodigal. By his diſcretion ſhe hath children not wantons; a huſband without her, is a miſery to mans apparel: none but ſhe hath an aged huſband, to whom ſhe is both a ſtaffe and a chair. To conclude, ſhe is both wiſe and religious, which makes her all this.

A Melancholly Man

IS a ſtrayer from the drove: one that Nature made a ſociable, becauſe ſhe made him man, and a crazed diſpoſition hath altered. Impleaſing to all, as all to him; ſtraggling thoughts are his content, they

they make him dream weaking, there's his pleaſure. His imagination is never idle, it keeps his mind in a continuall motion as the poiſe the clock: he winds up his thoughts often, and as often unwinds them; *Penelopes* web thrives faſter. He'le ſeldome be found without the ſhade of ſome grove, in whoſe bottome a river dwels. He carries a cloud in his face, never faire weather: his outſide is framed to his inſide, in that he keeps a *Decorum*, both unſeemly. Speak to him; he hears with his eyes, eares follow his mind, and that's not at leaſure. He thinkes buſineſſe, but never does any: he is all contemplation, no action. He hewes and faſhions his thoughs, as if he meant them to ſome purpoſe; but they prove unprofitable, as a peece of worught timber to no uſe. His Spirits, and the Sun are enemies; the Sun bright and warm, his humour black and cold: variety of fooliſh apparitions people his head, they ſuffer him not to breath, according to the

neceſſi-

neceſſities of nature; which makes him ſup up a draught of as much aire at once, as would ſerve at thrice. He denies nature her due in ſleep, and nothing pleaſeth him long, but that which pleaſeth his own fantaſies: they are the conſuming evils, and evil conſumptions that conſume him alive. Laſtly, he is a man onely in ſhew, but comes ſhort of the better part; a whole reaſonable ſoul, which is mans cheif preeminence, and ſole mark form creatures ſenſible.

A Saylor

IS a pitcht peece of reaſon calckt and tackled, and onely ſtudied to diſpute with tempeſts. He is part of his own proviſion, for he lives ever pickled. A forewind is the ſubſtance of his Creed; and freſh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is ever climing:

ming: out of which as naturally he fears; for he is ever flying: time and he are every where ever contending who ſhall arrive firſt: he is well winded, for he tires the day, and out runs darkneſs. His life is like a *Hawkes*, the beſt part mewed; and if he live till three coats, is a Maſter. He ſees Gods wonders in the deep: but ſo, as rather they appear his play-fellows, than ſtirrers of his zeal: nothing but hunger and hard rocks can convert him, and then but his upper deck neither; for his hold neither fears nor hopes, his ſleeps are but repreevals of his dangers, and when he wakes, 'tis but next ſtage to dying. His wiſdome is the coldeſt part about him, for it ever points to the North: and it lies loweſt, which makes his valour every tide ore-flow it. In a ſtorm 'tis diſputable, whether the noiſe be more his, or the Elements, and which will firſt leave ſcolding; on which ſide of the ſhip he may be ſaved beſt, whether his faith be ſtarre-bord faith, or-larbord: or the helm

helm at that time not all his hope of heaven: His keel is the Embleme of his conſcience, till it be ſplit he never repents, then no farther than the land allows him, and his language is a new confuſion: and all his thoughts new Nations: his body and his ſhip are both one burthen, nor is it known who ſtows moſt wine, or rowls moſt, only the ſhip is guided, he has no ſtern: a Barnacle and he are bred together, both of one nature, and 'tis fear'd one reaſon: upon any but a woodden horſe he cannot ride, and if the wind blow againſt him, he dare not: he ſwarves up to his ſeat as to a ſail-yard, and cannot ſit unleſſe he bear a flag-ſtaffe: if ever he be borken to the ſaddle, 'tis but a voyage ſtill, for he miſ-takes the bridle for a bowlin, and is ever turning his horſe-taile. he can pray, but 'tis by rote, not faith, and when he would he dares not, for his brackiſh beleife hath made that *Ominous*. A rock or a quicke-ſand plucks him before he be ripe,

ripe, elſe he is gathered to his friends at *Wapping*.

A Souldier

IS the huſband-man of Valour, his Sword is his Plough, which honour and *Aqua-vitæ*, two fiery mettal'd Jades, are ever drawing. A younger brother beſt becomes Arms, an elder the thanks for them; every heat makes him a harveſt: and diſcontents abroad are his Sowers: he is actively his Princeſs, but paſſively his angers ſervant. He is often a deſirer of learning, which once arrived at, proves his ſtrongeſt armour: he is a Lover at all points; and a true defender of the faith of women: more wealth than makes him ſeem a handſome foe, lightly he covets not, leſſe is below him: he never truely wants, but in much having, for then his eaſe and lechery

lechery afflict him: the word *Peace* though in prayer, makes him ſtart, and God he beſt conſiders by his power: hunger and cold rank in the ſame file with him, and hold him to a man: his honour elſe, and the deſire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater than the Sonnes of *Anack*. His religion is, commonly, as his cauſe is (doubtfull) and that the beſt devotion keeps beſt quarter: he ſeldome ſees gray hairs, ſome none at all, for where the ſword failes, there the fleſh gives fire: in charity he goes beyond the Clergy; for he loves his greateſt enemy beſt, much drinking. He ſeems a full ſtudent, for he is a great deſirer of controverſies, he argues ſharply, and carries his concluſion in his ſcabbard; in the firſt refinning of mank-kind this was the gold, his actions are his ammel. His alay (for elſe you cannot work him perfectly) continuall duties, heavy and weary marches, lodgings as full of need as cold diſeaſes. No time to argue,

gue, but to execute. Line him with these, and linke him to his squadrons, and he appears a most rich chain for Princes.

A Tayler

IS a creature made up of threds, that were pared off from *Adam*, when he was rough cast The end of his Being differeth from that of others, and is not to serve God, but to cover sin. Other mens pride is the best Patron, and their negligence, a main passage to his profit. He is a thing of more than ordinary judgement: For by vertue of that, he buyeth land, buildeth houses, and raiseth the low set roof of his crosse legged Fortune. His actions are strong encounters, and for their notoriousnes alwaies upon Record. It is neither *Amadis de Gaule*, nor the Knight of the *Sun*, that is able to resist them. A ten groats fee setteth them on foot, and a brace of Officers

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bringeth them to execution. He handleth the Spainiſh Pike, to the hazzard of many poor Egyptian vermins; and in ſhew of his valour, ſcorneth a greater Gantlet, than will cover the top of his midle finger. Of all weapons he moſt affecteth the long Bill; and this he will manage to the great prejudice of a Cuſtomers eſtate. His ſpirit notwithſtanding is not ſo much as to make you thinke him man; like a true mongrell, he neither bites nor barks, but when your back is towards him. His heart is a lump of congealed ſnow: *Prometheus* was aſleep while it was making. He differth altogether from God; for with him the beſt peeces are ſtill marked out for damnation, and without hope of recovery ſhall be caſt down into hell. He is partly an Alchymiſt; for he extracteth his own apparell out of others mens clothes; and when occaſion ſerveth, making a brokers ſhop his Alembicke, can turn your ſilkes into gold, and having furniſhed his neceſſities, after a month or two if he be urged unto it, reduce

duce them again to their proper ſubſtance. He is in part likewiſe an Arithmetician; cunning enough for Multiplication and Addition, but cannot abide Subſtraction: *Summa totalis*, is the language of his *Canaan*; *& uſque ad ultimum quadrantem*, the period of all his Charity. For any Skill in *Geometry*, I dare not commend him; For he could never yet find out the dimenſions of his own conſcience: Notwithſtanding he hath many bottomes, it ſeemeth this is alwaies bottomleſs. He is double yarded, and yet his female complaineth of want of meaſure. And ſo with a *Libera nos a malo*; I leave you; promiſing to amend whatſoever is amiſſe, at his next ſetting.

A Puritane

IS a diſeas'd peece of *Apocrypha* : bind him to the Bible, and he corrupts the whole text : Ignorance and fat feed, are his Founders ; his Nurſes, Railing, Rabbies, and round breeches : his life is but a borrowed blaſt of wind : For between two religions, as between two doors, he is ever whiſtling. Truly whoſe child he is, is yet unknown, For willingly his faith allowes no Father : onely thus far his pedegree is found, Bragger and he flouriſht about a time firſt ; his fiery zeal keeps him continually coſtive, which withers him into his own tranſlation, and till he eat a Schooleman, he is hide-bound ; he ever prayes againſt *Non Reſidents*, but is himſelf the grateſt diſcontinuer, for he never keeps near his text ; any thing that the Law allowes, but Mariag, and March beer, he murmures at ; what it diſallowes and holds dan-

dangerous, makes him a diſcipline: Where the gate ſtands open; he is ever ſeeking a ſtile: and where his Learning ought to climb, he creeps through: give him advice you run into *Traditions*, and urge a modeſt courſe, he cryes out *Councel*. His greateſt care is to contemns obedience; his laſt care to ſerve God handſomely and cleanly. He is now become ſo croſſe a kind of teaching, that ſhould the Church enjoyn clean ſhirts, he were lowſie: more ſence than ſingle prayers is not his; nor more in thoſe, than ſtill the ſame petitions: from which he either fears a learned faith, or doubts God underſtands not at firſt hearing. Shew him a Ring, he runs back like a Bear; and hates ſquare dealing as allied to caps: a pair of Organs blow him out o'th' Pariſh, and are the only gliſter-pipes to cool him. Where the meat is beſt, there he confutes moſt, for his arguing is but the efficacy of his eating: good bits he holds breed good poſitions, and the Pope he beſt concludes againſt, in

Plom-broth. He is often drunk, but not as we are temporally, nor can his ſleep then cure him, for the fumes of his ambition make his very ſoul reel, and that ſmall beer that ſhould allay him (ſilence) keeps him more ſurfeited, and makes his heat break out in private houſes: women and Lawyers are his beſt Diſciples, the one next fruit, longs for forbidden Doctrine, the other to maintain forbidden titles, both which he ſowes amongſt them. Honeſt he dare not be, for that loves order: yet if he can be brought to Ceremony, and made but maſter of it, he is converted.

A Whore

A Whore

IS a high-way to the Devil, he that looks upon her with deſire, begins, his voyage: he that ſtaies to talk with her, mends his pace, and who enjoyes her, is at his journeies end: Her body is the tilted Lees of pleaſure, daſht over with a little decking to hold colour: taſte her, ſhe's dead, and falls upon the pallate; the ſins of other women ſhew in Landſcip, far off and full of ſhadow, hers in Statue, neer hand and bigger in the life: ſhe pricks betimes, for her ſtock is a white thorn, which cut and grafted on, ſhe grows a Medler: Her trade is oppoſite to any other, for ſhe ſets up without credit, and too much cuſtome breaks her; The money that ſhe gets is like a Traitors, given only to corrupt her; and what ſhe gets, ſerves but to pay diſeaſes. She is ever mo'rd in ſin, and ever mending; and after

thirty ſhe is the Chyrurgions creature: ſhame and repentance are two ſtrangers to her, and onely in a Hoſpitall acquainted. She lives a Reprobate, like *Cain*, ſtill branded, finding no habitation but her fears, and flies the face of Juſtice like a Felon. The firſt year of her trade ſhe is an Eyeſſe, ſcratches and cryes to draw on more affection: the ſecond a Soar: the third a Ramage whore: the fourth and fifth ſhe is an intermeweis, preies for her ſelf and ruffles all ſhe reaches; from thence to ten ſhe bears the name of white Whore, and then her bloud forſakes her with ſalt Rheumes, and now ſhe has mewed three coats; now ſhe grows weary and diſeas'd together, favours her wing, checks little; but lies for it, bathes for her health, and ſcowrs to keep her cool, yet ſtill ſhe takes in ſtones, ſhe fires her ſelf elſe: the next remove is Haggard, ſtill more cunning; and if my Art deceive me not, more crazie. All cares and cures are doubled now upon her, and line her perch, or now ſhe mews her

her pounces, at all theſe years ſhe flies at fools and kills too: the next is Buſſard Baw'd, and there I leave her.

A very Whore

IS a woman. She enquires out all the great meetings which are medicines for her itching. She kiſſeth open-mouth'd, and ſpits in the palmes of her hands to make them moiſt. Her eyes are like free-booters, living upon the ſpoil of ſtragglers; and ſhe baits her deſires with a million of proſtitute countenances and enticements; in the light ſhe liſteneth to parlies: but in the darke ſhe underſtandeth ſigns beſt. She will ſell her Smock for Cuffs, and ſo her ſhooes be fine, ſhe cares not though her ſtockings want feet. Her modeſty is curioſitie, and her ſmell is one of her beſt ornaments. She paſſeth not a ſpan breadth,

And

And to have done, ſhe is the Cook and the meat dreſſing her ſelf all day, to be taſted with the better appetite at night.

A meer Common Lawyer

IS the beſt ſhadow to make a diſcreet one ſhew the fairer. He is a *Materia prima* informed by reports, actuated by ſtatutes and hath his Motion by the favourable Intelligence of the Court. His law is alwayes furniſht with a Commiſſion to arraign his Conſcience: but upon judgement given, he uſually ſets it at large. He thinks no language worth knowing but his *Barragouin*. Onely for that point he hath been a long time at Wars with *Priſcian* for a Northern Province. He imagines that by ſure excellency his profeſſion onely is learning, and

and that it's a prophanation of the Temple to his *Themis* dedicated; if any of the liberall Arts be there admitted to offer ſtrange incenſe to Her. For indeed he is all for money. Seven or eight years ſquires him out, ſome of his Nation leſſe ſtanding: and ever ſince the Night of his Call, he forgot much what he was at dinner. The next morning his man (in *Actu* or *potentia*) injoyes his pickadels. His Landreſſe is then ſhrewdly troubled in fitting him a Ruffe; his perpetuall badge. His Love-letters of the laſt year of his Gentlemanſhip are ſtuft with *Diſcontinuances*, *Remitters*, and *Uncore Priests:* but now being enabled to ſpeak in proper perſon, he talkes of a French-hood, inſtead of a Joynture, wages his Law, and joynes iſſue. Then he begins to ſtick his letters in his ground Chamber-window; that ſo the ſuperſcription may make his Squire-ſhip tranſparent. His Herauldry gives him place before the Miniſter, becauſe the Law was before the Goſpel.

Goſpell. Next Terme he walkes his hoopſleeve gown to the Hall; there it proclaims him. He feeds fat in the Reading, and till it chance to his turn, diſlikes no houſe order ſo much, as that the month is ſo contracted to a fortnight. 'Mongſt his countrey neighbours, he arrogates as much honour for being Reader of an Inne of Chancery, as if it had been of his own houſe. For they, poor ſouls take Law and Conſcience, Court and Chancery for all one. He learn'd to frame his caſes from putting Riddles, and imitating *Merlins* Prophecies, and to ſet all the Croſſe-row together by the ears. Yet his whole Law is not able to decide *Lucans* one old controverſie 'twixt *Tau* and *Sigma*. He accounts no man of his Cap and Coat idle, but who trots not the Circuit. He affects no life or quality for it ſelf, but for gain; and that at leaſt, to the ſtating him in a Juſtice of peace-ſhip, which is the firſt quickning ſoul ſuperadded to the elementary and inanimate form of his new Tide. His

Termes

Termes are his wives vacations. Yet ſhe then may uſurp divers Court-daies, and hath her Returns in *Menſem*, for writs of entry: often ſhorter. His vacations are her Termers. But in aſſiſe time (the cricuit being long) he may have a tryall at home againſt him by *Niſi prius*. No way to heaven he thinkes, ſo wiſe, as through *Weſtminiſter Hall*; and his Clarkes commonly through it viſit both Heaven and Hell. Yet then he oft forgets his journeyes end, although he look on the *Starre-Chamber*. Neither is he wholly deſtitute of the Arts. *Grammer* he hath enough to make termination of thoſe words which his authority hath endenizon'd *Rebtoricke* ſome; but ſo little, that its thought a concealement. *Logicke* enough to wrangle. *Arithmeticke* enough for the Ordinals of his year books: and number-roles: but he goes not to *Multiplication*; there's a Statute againſt it. So much *Geometrie*, that he can adviſe in a *Perambulatione facienda*, or a *Rationalibus diviſis*.

diviſis. In *Aſtronomy* and *Aſtrology* he is ſo far ſeen, that by the *Dominical* letter, he knows the Holy days, and finds by Calculation that *Michalemas* Terme will be long and dirty. Marry he knows ſo much in *Muſick*, that he affects only the moſt and cunningeſt *Diſcords*; rarely a perfect *Concord*, eſpecially ſong, except *in fine*. His skill is *perſpective* endevours much to deceive the eye of the Law, and gives many falſe colours. He is ſpecially practiſed in *Necromancy*, (ſuch a kind as is out of the Statute of *Primo*) by raiſing many *dead queſtions*. What ſufficiency he hath in *Criticiſme*, the fowl copies of his *Speciall Pleas* will tell you.

Many of the ſame coat, which are much to be honoured, partake of divers of his indifferent qualities: but ſo that *Diſcretion*, *Vertue*, and ſometimes other *good learning*, concurring and diſtinguiſhing Ornaments to them, make them as foyl to ſet their work on.

A meer

A meer Scholer.

A Meer Scholer is an intelligible Aſſe. A Or a ſilly fellow in black, that ſpeake Sentences more familiarly than Senſe. The Antiquity of his Univerſity is his Creed, and the excellency of his Colledge (though but for a match at foot-ball) an Article of his faith: he ſpeaks Latine better than his Mother-tongue; and is a ſtranger in no part of the world, but his own Countrey: he do's uſually tell great ſtories of himſelf to ſmall purpoſe, for they are commonly ridiculous, be they true or falſ: his Ambition is, that he either is or ſhall be a Garduate: but if ever he get a Fellowſhip, he ha's then no fellow. In ſpight of all *Logicke* he dares ſwear and maintain it, that a Cuckold and a Towneſ-

Towns-man are *Termini convertibiles*, though his Mothers Husband be an *Alderman*: he was never begotten (as it ſeems) without much warngling; for his whole life is ſpent in *Pro & contra*: his tongue goes always before his wit, like Gentleman-uſher, but ſomewhat faſter. That he is a compleat Gallant in all points, *Cap a pe*; witneſſe his horſeman-ſhip and the wearing of his weapons: he is commonly long-winded, able to ſpeak more with eaſe, than any man can endure to hear with patience. Univerſity jeſts are his univerſall diſcourſe, and his news, the demeanor of the Proctors: his Phraſe, the apparell of his mind, is made of divers ſhreds like a cuſhion, and when it goes plaineſt, it hath a raſh outſide, and tuſtian linings. The currant of his ſpeech is clos'd with an *Ergo*; and what-ever be the queſtion, the truth is on his ſide. 'Tis a wrong to his reputation to be ignorant of any thing; and yet he knows not that he knows nothing: he gives directions

ctions for Huſbandry, from *Virgils Georgickes*; for Cattell, from his *Bucolicks*; for warlike Stratagems, from his *Æneides*, or *Cæſars Commentaries*: he orders all things, and thrives in none: Skilfull in all trades, and thrives in none: he is led more by his eares than his underſtanding, taking the ſound of words for their true ſenſe: and do's therefore confidently believe, that *Erra Pater* was the Father of heretiques; *Radulphus Agricola* a ſubſtantiall Farmer; and will not ſtick to averre, that *Syſtemo's Logick* doth excell *Keckermans*: his ill luck is not ſo much in being a fool, as in being put to ſuch pains to expreſſe it to the world: for what in others is naturall, in him (with much a doe) is artificiall: his poverty is his happineſſe, for it makes ſome men believe, that he is none of fortunes favorites. That learning which he hath, was in Non-age put in backward like a gliſter, and its now like Ware miſ-laid in a Pedlers pack; a ha's it, but knows not where

it is. In a word, his is the *Index* of a man, and the Title page of a Scholler, or a Puritane in morality; much in profeſſion, nothing in practice.

A Tinker

IS a moveable: for he hath no abiding place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his chollerick nature. He ſeems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage, and ſometimes in humility goes barefoot, thereon making neceſſity a vertue. His houſe is as ancient as *Tubal Cains*, and ſo is a runnagate by antiquity: yet he proves himſelf a Gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a Philoſopher, for he bears all his ſubſtance about him. From his Art was Muſick firſt invented, and therefore he is alwaies furniſht with a ſong: to which his hammer keeping tune,

tune, proves that he was the first founder for the Kettle-drum. Note, that where the best Ale is, there stands his musick most upon crochets. The companion of his travels is some foul Sun-burnt Quean, that since the terrible Statute recanted Gypsisme, and is turned Pedlereſſe. So marches he all over *England* with his bag and baggage. His converſation is unreproveable; for he is ever mending. He obſerves truly the Statutes, and therefore he can rather ſteal than begge, in which he is unremoveably conſtant in ſpight of whipe, or imprisonment: and ſo a ſtrong enemy to idleneſſe, than in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want work, and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient cuſtome, converſing in open fields, and lowly Cottages. If he viſit Cities or Towns, 'tis but to deal upon the imperfections of our weaker veſſels. His tongue is very voluble, which with

Canting proves him a *Linguist*. He is entertain'd in every place, but enters no further than the door, to avoid ſuſpition. Some will take him to be a Coward; but beleive it, he is a Lad of mettle, his valour is commonly three or four yards long, faſtned to a pike in the end for flying off. He is provident, for he will fight but with one at once, and then alſo he had rather ſubmit than be counted obſtinate. To conclude, if he ſcape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a begger.

An Apparatour.

IS a Chick of the egge Abuſe, hatcht by the warmth of authority: he is a bird of rapine, and begins to prey and feather together. He croaks like a Raven againſt the death of rich men, and ſo gets a Legacy unbequeath'd: his happineſs is in the multitude of children, for their

increaſe is his wealth, and to that end, he himſelf yearly addes one. He is a cunning hunter, uncoupling his intelligencing hounds, under hedges, in thickets and corn-fields, who follow the chaſe to City-Suburbs, where often his game is at covert: his quiver hangs by his ſide, ſtuft with ſilver arrows which he ſhoots againſt Church-gates, and private mens doors, to the hazard of their purſes and credit. There went but a pair of ſheeres between him and the purſivant of hell, for they both delight in ſin, grow richer by it, and are by juſtice appointed to puniſh it: only the Devill is more cuning, for he picks a living out of others gains. His living lieth in his eye, which (like ſpirits) he ſends through chinkes, and key-holes, to ſurvey the places of darkneſs; for which purpoſe he ſtudieth the optickes, but can diſcover no colour but black, for the pure white of chaſtity dazleth his eyes. He is a Catholicke, for he is every where; and with a Politick, for

he transforms himſelfe into all ſhapes. He travels on foot to avoid idleneſs, and loves the Church entirely, becauſe it is the place of his edification. He accounts not all ſins mortall: for fornication with him is a veniall ſin, and to take bribes, a mater of charity: he is collector for burnings and loſſes at Sea, and in caſting account, readily ſubſtract the leſſer from the greater ſumme. Thus lives he in a golden age, till Death by a proceſs, ſummons him to appear.

An Almanack-maker.

IS the worſt part of an Aſtronomer: a certain compact of figures, characters and cyphers: out of which he ſcors the fortune of a year, not ſo profitably, as doubtfully. He is tennant by cuſtome to the Planets, of whom he holds the 12. Houſes by leaſe paroll: to them he paies yearly

yearly rent, his ſtudy, aud time; yet lets them out again (with all his heart) for 40. s. *Per annum*. His life is meerly contemplative: for his practice, 'tis worth nothing, at leaſt not worthy of credit, and if (by chance) he purcaſe any, he loſeth it again at the years end, for time brings truth to light. *Ptolomy* and *Tycho Brache* are his Partons, whoſe volumes he underſtands not, but admires; and the rather becauſe they are Strangers, and ſo eaſier to be credited, than controuled. His life is upright, for he is always looking upward; yet dares believe nothing above *Primum mobile*, for 'tis out of the reach of his *Jacobs ſtaffe*. His charity extends no further than to Mountebankes and Sow-gelders, to whom he bequeaths the ſeaſons of the yeer, to kill or torture by. The verſes of his Book have a worſe pace than ever had *Rochester* Hackney: for his proſe, 'tis dappled with Inke-horn tearmes, and may ſerve for an Almanack: but for his judging at the uncertainty of weather,

any old Shepheard ſhall make a Dunce of him. He would be thought the devils intelligencer for ſtoln goods, if ever he ſteal out of that quality: as a flie turns to a Maggot, ſo the corruption of the cunning-man is the generation of an Emperick: his works fly forth in ſmall volumes, yet not all, for many ride poaſt to Chandlers and Tobacco ſhops in folio. To be brief, he fals 3. degrees ſhort of his promiſes; yet is he the Key to unlock Termes, and Law-days, a dumbe *Mercurie* to point out high-ways, and a Bayliff of all Marts and Faires in England. The reſt of him you ſhall know next year; for what he will be then, he himſelf knows not.

A Hypo-

A Hypocrite

IS a gilded *Pill*, compos'd of two vertuous ingredients *Naturall diſhonesty*, and *Artificiall diſſimulation*. *Simple Fruit*, *Plant*, or *Drug*, he is none, but a deformed mixture, bred betwixt *evill Nature* and *falſe Art*, by a monſtrous *generation*; and may well be put into the reckoning of thoſe creatures that God never made. In *Church* or *Commonwealth* (for in both theſe this *Mongrell-weed* will ſhoot) it is hard to ſay whether he be *Phyſicke* or a *Diſeaſe*: for he is both in divers reſpects.

As he is gilt with an outſide of *Seeming purity*, or as he offereth himſelf to you to be taken down in a cup or taſte of *Golden zeal* and *Simplicity*, you may call him *Phyſicke*. Nay and never let *potion* give *Patient* good ſtool, of being truly taſted and reliſht, he be not as lothſome to the ſtomach of any honeſt man.

He

He is alſo *Phyſicke*, in being as commodious for uſe, as he is odious in taſte, if the *Body* of the *Company* into which he is taken, can make true uſe of him. For the malice of his nature makes him ſo *Informer-like-dangerous*, in taking advantage of any thing done or ſaid: yea, even to the ruine of his makers, if he may have benefit; that ſuch a creature in a ſociety makes men as carefull of their ſpeeches and actions, as the ſight of a known Cutpurſe in a throng makes them watchfull over their purſes and pockets: he is alſo in this reſpect profitable Phyſick, that his converſation being once truly taſted and diſcovered, the hatefull foulneſs of it will make thoſe that are not fully like him, to purge all ſuch Diſeaſe as are rank in him, out of their own lives; as the ſight of ſome Citizens on horſeback, make a judicious man amend his own faults in horſemanſhip. If one of theſe uſes can be made of him, let him not long offend the ſtomack of your company; your beſt way is to ſpue him out.

That

That he is a Diſeaſe in the body where he liveth, were as ſtrange a thing to doubt, as whether there be knavery in Horſe-courſers. For if among Sheep, the rot; among Dogs, the mange; amongſt Horſes, the glaunders; amongſt Men and Women, the Northern itch, and the French Ache be diſeaſes; an Hypocrite cannot but be the like in all States and Societies that breed him. If he be a Clergy Hypocrite, then all manner of vice is for the moſt part ſo proper to him, as he will grudge any man the practice of it but himſelfe; like that grave Burgeſs, who being deſired to lend his cloths to repreſent a part in a Comedy, anſwered: *No by his leave, he would have no body play the fool in his clothes but himſelfe.* Hence are his ſo auſtere reprehenſions of drinking healths, laſcivious talke, uſury and unconſcionable dealing; when as himſelf hating the prophane mixture of malt and water, will by his good will let nothing come within him, but the purity of the Grape,

Grap, when he can get it of anothers coſt: But this muſt not be done neither, without a preface of ſeeming toothneſs, turning up the eyes, moving the head, laying hand on the breſt, and proteſting that he would not do it but to ſtrenthen his body, being even conſumed with diſſembled zeal, and tedious and thankleſs babbling to God and his Auditors. And for the other vices, do but venture the making your ſelfe private with him, or truſting of him, and if you come off without a ſavour of the air which his ſoul is infected with, you have great fortune. The fardle of all this ware that is in him, you ſhall commonly ſee carried upon the back of theſe two beaſts, that live within him, *Ignorance* and *Imperiouſneſs*: and they may well ſerve to carry other vices, for of themſelves they are inſupportable. His *Ignorance* acquites him of all ſcience, humane or divine, and of all Language, but his mothers; holding nothing pure, holy or ſincere,

ſincere, but the ſenſeleſſe collections of his own crazed brain, the zealous fumes of his enflamed ſpirit, and the endleſſe labours of his eternall tongue; the motions whereof, when matter and words fail, (as they often doe) muſt be patched up, to accompliſh his four hours in a day at the leaſt, with long and fervent *Hummes*. Any thing elſe, either for language or matter, he cannot abide, but thus cenſureth: *Latine*, the language of the *Beaſt*; *Greek*, the tongue wherein the heathen Poets wrote their fictions; *Hebrew*, the ſpeech of the *Jews*, that crucified Chriſt: *Controverſies* do not edefie; *Logick* and *Philoſophy*, are the ſubtilties of *Satan* to deceive the *Simple*. Humane ſtories *prophane*, and not ſavouring of the *Spirit*: In a word, all decent and ſenſible form of ſpeech and perſwaſion, (though in his own tongue) vain *Oſtentation*. And all this is the burthen of his *Ignorance*: ſaving that ſometimes *Idleneſs* will put in alſo to bear a

part

part of the baggage. His other *Beaſt Imperiouſnes*, is yet more proudly loaden, it carryeth a burthen, that no cords of *Authority*, *Spiritual* nor *Temporal*, ſhould bind, if it might have the full ſwing: No *Pilat*, no *Prince* ſhould command him: Nay he will command them, and at his pleaſure cenſure them, if they will not ſuffer their eares to be fettered with the long chains of his tedious collations, their purſes to be emptied with the inundations of his unſatiable humour, and their judgements to be blinded with the muffler of his *zealous Ignorance*: for this doth he familiarly inſult over his *Maintainer* that breeds him, his *Patron* that feeds him, and in time over all them that will ſuffer him to ſet a foot within their doors, or put a finger in their purſes. All this, and much more is in him, that abhorring *Degrees* and *Univerſities*, as reliques of *Superſtition*, hath leapt from a Shob-boord, or a Cloak-bag, to a Deſk, or Pulpit, and that like

like a Sea-god in a *Pageant*, hath the rotten laths of his culpable life, and palpable ignorance, covered over with the painted-cloath of a pure gown, and a night-cap; and with a falſe Trumpet of *Fained zeal*, draweth after him ſome poor *Nymphs* and *Madmen*, that delight more to reſort to dark Caves and ſecret places, than to open and publike aſſemblies. The *Lay-Hypocrite*, is to the other a *Champion*, *Diſciple*, and *Subject*; and will not acknowledge the tythe of the *Subjection*, to any *Miter*; no, not to any *Scepter*, that he will do to the hook and crook of his Zeal-blind Shepheard. No *Jeſuits* demand more blind and abſolute obedience from their vaſſals; no Magiſtrates of the *Canting* ſociety, more ſlaviſh ſubjection from the members of that travelling ſtate, than the Clerk *Hypocrites* expect from theſe lay Pulpits. Nay, they muſt not only be obeyed, fed, and defended, but admired too: and that their Lay-followers doe

do ſincerely, as a ſhirtleſs fellow with a Cudgell under his arm doth a face-wringing *Ballad-ſinger: a Water-bearer* on the ſlore of a Playhouſe, a wide-mouth'd *Poet*, that ſpeaks nothing but bladers and bumbaſt. Otherwiſe, for life and profeſſion, nature and Art, inward and outward: they agree in all, like *Canters* and *Gypſies*, they are all zeal, no knowledge: all purity, no humanity: all ſimplicity no honeſty: and if you never truſt them, they will never deceive you.

A Maquerela,

A Maquerela, in plain Engliſh, a Bawd

IS an old *Char-cole*, that hath been burnt her ſelf, and therefore is able to kindle a whole green Coppice. The burden of her ſong is like that of *Frier Bacons* head; *Time is, Time was, & Tme is paſt*: in repeating which, ſhe makes a wicked brazen face, and weeps in the cup, to allay the heat of her *Aqua vitæ*. Her teeth are faln out, marry her noſe, and chin, intend very ſhortly to be frinds, and meet about it. Her years are ſixty and odde: that ſhe accounts her beſt time of trading; for a *Bawd* is like a Medler, ſhe's not ripe, till ſhe be roten. Her envy is like that of the Devill, to have all fair women like her; and becauſe 'tis impoſſible they ſhould catch it being ſo young, ſhe hurries them to it by diſeaſes. Her *Park* is a villanous barren ground; and all the Deer in it are

Raſcall: yet poor Cottagers in the Country (that know her but by hearſay) think well of her; for what ſhe encloſes to day, ſhe makes *Common* to morrow. Her goods and her ſelf are all removed in one ſort, only ſhe makes bold to take the upper hand of them, and to be carted before them; the thought of which, makes her ſhe cannot endure a poſſet, becauſe it puts her in mind of a Baſon. She ſits continually at a rackt Rent; eſpecially, if her *Lanlord* bear Office in the pariſh: for her moveables in the houſe; (beſides her quick cattell) they are not worth an *Inventory*, onely her beds are moſt commonly in print: ſhe can eaſily turn a Sempſtreſs into a waiting Gentlewoman, but her Wardrob is moſt infectious, for it brings them to the *Falling-ſickneſs*: ſhe hath onely this own ſhew of *Temperance*: that let a Gentle-man ſend for ten pottles of wine in her houſe, he ſhall have but ten quarts; and if he want it that way, let him pay for't, and take it out in ſtew'd prunes. The Juſtices Clark

ſtands

ſtands many times her very good friend; and works her peace with the Juſtice of *Quorum*. Nothing joyes her ſo much, as the comming over of Strangers, nor daunts her ſo much, as the approach of Shrovetueſday. In fine, nor to foul more paper with ſo foul a ſubject, he that hath paſt under her hath paſt the *Equinoctial*; He that hath ſcap't her hath ſcap't worſe then the *Calenture*.

A Chamber-maid.

SHe is her miſtreſſes ſhe Secretary, and keeps the box of her teeth, her hair, and her painting very private. Her induſtry is up ſtairs and down ſtairs like a Drawer: and by her dry hand you may know ſhe is a ſore ſtarcher. If ſhe lye at her Maſters beds feet, ſhe is quit of the *Green ſickneſs* for ever; For ſhe hath ter-

rible dreams when ſhe's awake, as if ſhe were troubled with the *Night-mare*. She hath a good liking to dwell i'th Country, but ſhe holds *London* the goodlieſt Forreſt in *England*, to ſhelter a great belly. She reads *Greens* works over and over, but is ſo carried away with the *Miror. of Knighthood*, ſhe is many times reſolv'd to run out of her ſelf, and become a Lady Errand. If ſhe catch a clap, ſhe divides it ſo equally between the Maſter and the Serving-man, as if ſhe had cut out the geting of it by a Thred: only the knave *Sumner* makes her bowle booty, and overreach the Maſter. The Pedant of the houſe, though he promiſe her marriage, cannot grow further inward with her, ſhe hath paid for her credulity often, and now grows weary. She likes the form of our marriage very well, in that a woman is not tyde to anſwer to any Articles concerning queſtions of Virginity: Her mind, her body, and clothes, are parcels looſely tackt together, and for want of good utterance, ſhe perpetually laughs

out

out her meaning. Her Miſtris and ſhe help to make away *Time*, to the idleſt purpoſe that can be, either for love or money. In brief, theſe *Chambermaids* are like Lotteries: you may draw twenty ere one worth any thing.

A Preciſian.

TO ſpeak no otherwiſe of this *varniſht rottenneſs*, than in truth and verity he is, I muſt define him to be a demure Creature, full of orall Sanctity, and mentall impiety; a fair object to the eye. but ſtark naught for the underſtanding: or elſe a violent thing, much given to contradiction. He will be ſure to be in oppoſition with the *Papiſt*, though it be ſometimes accompanied with an abſurditie;

like the Ilanders near adjoyning unto *China*, who ſalute by puting of their ſhooes becauſe the Men of *China* doe it by their hats. If at any time he faſt, it is upon Sunday, and he is ſure to feaſt upon Friday. He can better afford you ten lies, than one oath; and dare commit any ſin gilded with a pretence of ſanctity. He will not ſtick to commit Fornication or Adultety, ſo it be done in the fear of God, and for the propagation of the godly; and can find in his heart to lie with any whore ſave the whore of *Babylon*. To ſteal he holds it lawfull, ſo it be from the wicked and Egyptians. He had rather ſee *Antichriſt*, than a picture in the Church window: and chooſeth ſooner to be falſ hanged, than ſee a leg at the name of *JESUS*, or one ſtand at the *Creed*. He conceives his prayer in the Kitchen, rather than in the Church; and is of ſo good diſcourſe, that he dares challenge the *Almighty* to talke with him *extempore*. He thinks every Organiſt is in the ſtate of damnation, and had rather hear

one

one of *Robert Wiſdoms Pſalms*, than the beſt *Hymne* a *Cherubin* can ſing. He will not break wind without an *Apology*, or aſking forgiveneſſe, nor kiſſe a Gentlewoman for fear of luſting after her. He hath nicknam'd all the Prophets and Apoſtles with his Sonnes, and begets nothing but *Vertues* for Daughters. Finally, he is ſo ſure of *his* ſalvation, that he will not change places in Heaven with the *Virgin Mary*, without boot.

An Innes of Court man.

HEE is diſtnguiſhed from a Scholler by a pair of ſilk ſtockings, and a Beaver Hat, which makes him contemn a Scholler as much as a Scholler doth a School-maſter. By that he hath heard one mooting, and ſeen two playes, he thinks as baſely of the

Univerſity, as a young *Sophiſter* doth of the *Grammer-School*. He talkes of the *Univerſity*, with that ſtate, as if he were her Chancellour; finds fault with alterations, and the fall of *Diſcipline*, with an, *It was not ſo when I was a Student*; although that was within this half year. He will talke ends of *Latine*, though it be falſe, with as great confidence, as ever *Cicero* could pronounce an Oration, though his beſt authors for't be *Tavernes* and *Ordinaries*. He is as far behind a *Courtier* in his faſhion, as a Scholler is behind him: and the beſt grace in his behaviour, is to forget his acquaintance.

He laughs at every man whoſe Band ſits not well, or that hath not a fair ſhoo-tie, and he is aſhamed to be ſeen in any mans company that wears not his cloaths well. His very eſſence he placeth in his outſide, and his chiefeſt prayer is, that his revenues may hold out for Taffata-cloaks in the Summer, and Velvet in the Winter. For his recreation, he had rather goe to a Citizens wife, than

than a Bawdy houſe, only to ſave charges and he holds Fee-tail to be abſolutely the beſt tenure. To his acquaintance he offers two quarts of Wine, for one he gives. You ſhall never ſee him melancholly, but when he wants a new Suit, or fears a Sergeant: At which times he onely betakes himſelf to *Ploydon*. By that he hath read *Littleton*, he can call *Solon*, *Lycurgus*; and *Juſtinian*, fools, and dares compare his Law to a *Lord Chief Juſtices*.

A meer fellow of an houſe.

HE is one whoſe Hopes commonly exceed his fortunes, and whoſe mind ſoars above his purſe. If he hath read *Tacitus Guicchardine*, or *Gallo-Belgicus*, he contemnes the *late Lord Treaſurer*, for all the ſtate-policy he had;

had; and laughs to think what a fool he could make of *Solomon*, if he were now alive. He never wears new clothes, but againſt a Commencement or a good time, and is commonly a degree behind the faſhion. He hath ſworn to ſee *London* once a year, though all his buſineſſe be to ſee a play, walke a turn in Pauls, and obſerve the faſhion. He thinks it a diſcredit to be out of debt, which he never likely clears, without reſignation mony. He will not leave his part he hath in the priviledge over young Gentlemen, in going bare to him, for the Empire of *Germany*: He prayes as heartily for a ſealing as a *Cormorant* doth for a dear year: yet commonly he ſpends that revenue before he receives it.

At meals, he ſits in as great ſtate over his *Penny-Commons*, as ever *Vitellius* did at his greateſt Banquet and takes great delight in comparing his fare to my Lord *Mayors*.

If he be a leader of a *Faction*, he thinks himſelf greater than ever *Cæſar* was, or

the

the *Turk* at this day is. And he had rather loſe an inheritance than an Office, when he ſtands for it.

If he be to travel, he is longer furniſhing himſelf for a five miles journey, than a ſhip is rigging for a ſeven years voyage. He is never more troubled, than when he is to maintain talk with a Gentle-woman: wherein he commits more abſurdities, than a Clown in eating of an egge.

He thinks himſelf as fine when he is in a clean band, and a new pair of ſhooes, as any Courtier doth, when he is firſt in a New-faſhion.

Laſtly, he is one that reſpects no man in the *Univerſity*, and is reſpected by no man out of it.

A worthy

A worthy Commander in the Wars

IS one, that accounts learning the nouriſhment of military vertue, and laies that as his firſt foundation. He never bloudies his ſword but in heat of battle; and had rather ſave one of his own Souldiers, than kill ten of his enemies. He accounts it an idle, vain-glorious, and ſuſpected bounty, to be full of good words; his rewarding therefore of the deſerver arrives ſo timely, that his liberality can never be ſaid to be gowty-handed. He holds it next his Creed, that no Coward can be an honeſt man, and dare die in't. He doth not think his body yeilds a more ſpreading ſhadow after a victory than before; and when he looks upon his enemies dead body, 'tis a kind of noble heavineſs, no inſultation; he is ſo honourably

rably mercifull to women in ſurprizall, that only, that make him an excellent Courtier. He knows, the hazard of battles, not the pomp of ceremonies, are Souldiers beſt Theaters, and ſtrives to gain reputation, not by the multitude, but by the greatneſs of his actions. He is the firſt in giving the charge, and the laſt in retiring his foot. Equal toyl he endures with the common Souldier: from his examples they all take fire, as one Torch lights many. He underſtands in war, there is no mean to ere twice; the firſt, and laſt fault being ſufficient to ruine an Army: faults therefore he pardons none, they that are preſidents of diſorder, or mutiny, repair it by being examples of his *Juſtice*. Beſiege him never ſo ſtrictly, ſo long as the air is not cut from him, his heart faints not. He hath learned as well to make uſe of a victory, as to get it, and purſuing his enemies like a whirle-wind carries all afore him; being aſſured, if ever a man will benefit himſelf upon his foe, then is the time

when

when they have loſt force, wiſdom, courage, and reputation. The goodneſs of his cauſe is the ſpeciall motive to his valour; never is he known to ſlight the weakeſt enemy that comes arm'd againſt him in the band of *Juſtice*. Haſty and overmuch heat he accounts the *Stepdame* to all great actions, that will not ſuffer them to drive: if he cannot overcome his *Enemy* by force, he do's it by *Time*. If ever he ſhake hands with war, he can die more calmly than moſt Courtiers, for his continuall dangers have been as it were ſo many meditations of death; he thinks not out of his own calling, when he accounts life a continuall warfare, and his prayers then beſt become him when armed *Cap a pe*. He utters them like the great *Hebrew Generall*, on horſeback. He caſts a ſmiling contempt upon *Calumny*, it meets him as if *Glaſſe* ſhould encounter *Adamant*. He thinks war is never to be given ore, but on one of theſe three conditions: an aſſured *peace*, abſolute *victory*, or an honeſt *death*. Laſtly. when

peace

peace folds him up, his ſilver head ſhould lean neer the golden Scepter, and dye in his *Princes* boſome.

A vain-glorious Coward in Command

IS one, that hath bought his place, or come to it by ſome Noble-mans letter: he loves a life dead pays, yet wiſhes they may rather happen in his Company by the ſcurvy, than by a battle. View him at a muſter, and he goes with ſuch a noſe, as if his body were the wheel-barrow that carried his judgement rumbling to drill his Souldiers. No man can worſe deſign between *Pride* and noble *Courteſie*: he that ſalutes him not ſo far as a Piſtoll carries levell, gives him the *diſguſt* or *affront*, chuſe you whether. He trains by the book,

book, and reckons ſo many poſtures of the Pike and Muſket, as if he were counting at Noddy. When he comes at firſt upon a Camiſado, he looks like the four winds in painting, as if he would blow away the enemy; but at the very firſt on-ſet, ſuffers fear and trimbling to dreſſe themſelves in his face apparantly. He ſcornes any man ſhould take place before him: yet at the entring of a *breach*, he hath been ſo humble-minded, as to let his Lieutenant lead his Troops for him. He is ſo ſure arm'd for taking hurt, that he ſeldome does any: and while he is putting on his Armes, he is thinking what ſum he can make to ſatisfie his ranſome. He will rail openly againſt all the great *Commanders* of the adverſe party; yet in his own conſcince allowes them for better men: ſuch is the nature of his fear, that contrary to all other filthy qualities it makes him think better of another man than himſelf. The firſt part of him that is ſet a running, is his

Eye.

Eye-ſight: when that is once ſtruck with terrour, all the *Coſtive Phyſicke* in the world cannot ſtay him; if ever he do any thing beyond his own heart, 'tis for a *Knight-hood*, and he is the firſt kneels for't without bidding.

A Pyrate

TRuly defined, is a *bold Traytor*; for he fortifies a Caſtle aginſt the King. Give him Sea-room in never ſo ſmall a veſſell, and like a witch in a ſcive, you would think he were going to make merry with the Devill. Of all callings his is the moſt deſperate, for he will not leave off his theeving, though he be in a narrow priſon, and look every day (by tempeſt or fight) for execution. He is one plague the Devill hath added, to make the Sea more terrible than a ſtorme; and his heart is ſo hardned in that rugged element, that he

cannot repent, though he view his grave (before him) continually open: he hath ſo little of his own, that the houſe he ſleeps in is ſtoln; all the neceſſities of life he filches, but one: he cannot ſteal a ſound ſleep, for his troubled conſcience. He is very gentle to thoſe under him, yet his rule is the horribleſt tyranny in the world, for he gives licence to all rape, murder and cruelty, in his own example: what he gets, is ſmall uſe to him, onely lives by it, (ſomewhat the longer) to do a little more ſervice to his belly; for he throws away his treaſure upon the ſhore in riot, as if he caſt it into the Sea. He is a *cruell Hawke* that flies at all but his own kind: and as a *Whale* never comes a-ſhore but when ſhe is wounded; ſo he very ſeldom, but for his neceſſities. He is the *Merchants book*, that ſerves onely to reckon up his loſſes; *a perpetuall Plague* to noble traffique, the *Hurican of the Sea, and the Earth-quake of the Exchange*. Yet for all this give him but his pardon, and forgive him reſtitution, he may live to know the inſide of a Church,

and

and die on this ſide *Wapping*.

An ordinary Fencer

IS a fellow, that beſide ſhaving of Cudgels, hath a good inſight into the world, for he hath long been beaten to it. Fleſh and bloud he is, like other men; but ſurely nature meant him *Stockfiſh*: his, and a-Dancing-ſchool, are inſeparable adjuncts; and are bound, though both ſtinke of ſweat moſt abominable, neither ſhall complain of annoyance: three large Bavins ſet up his Trade, with a Bench, which (in the vacation of the afternoon) he uſes for his day-bed: for a firkin to piſſe in, he ſhall be allowed that, by thoſe make *Allom*: when he comes on the Stage at his Prize, he makes a leg ſeven ſeverall ways, and

ſcrambles for mony, as if he had been born at the *Bathe* in *Somerſet-ſhire*: at his challenge he ſhews his metall; for contrary to all rules of *Phyſick*, he dares bleed, though it be in the dog-days: he teaches *Deviliſh* play in's School, but when he fights himſelf, he doth it in the fear of a good Chriſtian, he compounds quarrels among his Schollers, and when he hath brought the buſineſſe to a good upſhot, he makes the reckoning. His wounds are ſeldome above skin-deep; for an inward bruiſe, Lamb-ſtones and ſweet-breads are his onely *Sperma Ceti*, which he eats at night, next his heart faſting: ſtrange School-maſters they are, that every day ſet a man as far backward as he went forward; and throwing him into a ſtrange poſture, teach him to threſh *ſatisfaction* out of *injury*. One ſign of a good nature is, that he is ſtill open breſted to his friends: for his foil, and his doublet, wear not out above two buttons, and reſolute he is, for he ſo much ſcorns to take blowes, that

that he never wears *Cuffes*; and he lives better contented with a little than, other men; for if he have two eyes in's head, he thinks Nature hath over done him. The Lord *Mayors* triumph makes him a man, for that's his beſt time to flouriſh. Laſtly theſe fencers are ſuch things, that care not if all the world were ignorant of more Letters than onely to read their Pattent.

A Puny-Clark.

HEE is tane from *Grammar-School* half codled, and can hardly ſhake off his dreams of breeching in a twelve moneth. He is a Farmers Son, and his fathers utmoſt ambition is to make him an *Atturney*. He doth itch towards a Poet, and greaſes his breeches extreamly with feeding without a napkin. He ſtudies falſe Dice

to cheat Coſtermongers, and is moſt chargeable to the Butler of ſome *Inne of Chancery*, for piſſing in their green-pots. He eats Ginger-bread at a Play-houſe; and is ſo ſawcy, that he ventures fairly for a broken pate at the banqueting houſe, and hath it. He would never come to have any wit, but for a long *vacation*, for that makes him be think him how he ſhall ſhift another day. He prays hotly againſt faſting; and ſo he may ſup well on Friday nights, he cares not though his maſter be a *Puritane*. He practices to make the words in his *Declaration* ſpread, as a Sewer doth the diſhes at a Niggards Table; a Cleark of a ſwooping *Daſh*, is as commendable as a Flanders horſe of a large tail. Though you be never ſo much delay'd, you muſt not call his Maſter knave; that makes him go beyond himſelf, and write a Challenge in Court-hand; for it may be his own another day. Theſe are ſome certain of his *liberal faculties*: but in the Terme time, his *Clog* is a *Buckrom Bag*. Laſtly, which is great pitty, he never comes to his full growth

growth with bearing on his ſhoulder the ſinful burthen of his Maſter at ſeveral Courts in *Weſtminſter*.

A Foot-man.

LEt him be never ſo well made, yet his legs are not matches, for he is ſtill ſetting the beſt foot forward. He will, never be a ſtaid man, for he has had a running head of his own, ever ſince his child-hood. His mother (which out of queſtion, was a light-heel'd wench) knew it, yet let him run his race; thinking age would reclaim him from his wild courſes. He is very long winded; and without doubt, but that he hates naturally to ſerve on horſe-back, he had proved an excellent Trumpet. He has one happineſſe a-

bove all the reſt of the Servingmen: for when he moſt over-reaches his Maſter, he is beſt thought of. He lives more by his own heat than the warmth of clothes; and the waiting-woman hath the greateſt fancy to him when he is in his cloſe trouſes. Gards he wears none; which makes him live more upright than any croſſe-gartered Gentleman-uſher. 'Tis impoſſible to draw his picture to the life, cauſe a man muſt take it as he's running; only this, Horſes are uſually let bloud on St. *Stevens* day: on St. *Patricks* he takes reſt, and is drencht for all the year after.

A Noble and retired Houſe-keeper

IS one whoſe bounty is limited by *Reaſon*, not *oſtentation*: and to make it laſt, he deals it diſcreetly, as we ſow the *furrow*, not by the ſack, but by

by the handfull. His word and his meaning never ſhake hands and part, but alway go together. He can ſurvay good, and love it, and loves to do it himſelf, for it own ſake, not for thanks. He knows there is no ſuch miſery as to outlive good name, nor no ſuch folly as to put it in practice. His mind is ſo ſecure, that *thunder* rocks him aſleep, which breaks other mens ſlumbers, *Nobility* lightens in his eyes: and in his face and geſture is painted, *The God of Hoſpitality*. His great houſes bear in their front more durance, than ſtate; unleſſe this add the greater ſtate to them, that they promiſe to out-laſt much of our new phantaſticall building. His *heart* never grows old, no more than his *Memory*, whether at his book or on horſeback; he paſſeth his time in ſuch noble exerciſe, a man cannot ſay, any time is loſt by him: nor hath he onely *years*: to approve he hath lived till he be old, but *Vertues*. His thoughts have a high *Aim*, though their dweling bein the *Vale of*

an

an humble heart, whence as by an *Engine* (that raiſes water to fall, that it may riſe the higher) he is heightned in his humility. The *Adamant* ſerves not for all Seas, but this doth; for he hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and found all her *quick-ſands*. He hath this hand over *Fortune*, that her injuries, how violent or ſudden ſoever, they do not daunt him; for whether his time call him to live or die he can do both nobly: if to fall, his deſcent is breſt to breſt with vertue; and even then, like the *Sun* neer his Set, he ſhews unto the world his *cleareſt countenance*.

An Intruder into favour

IS one, that builds his reputation on others infamy: for ſlander is moſt commonly his morning prayer. His paſſions are guided by *Pride*, and followed by *Injuſtice*. An inflexible anger againſt ſome poor ſutor, he falſly calls a *Couragius conſtancie*, and thinks the beſt part of gravity to conſiſt in a ruffled forehead. He is the moſt ſlaviſhly ſubmiſſe, though envious to thoſe that are in better place than himſelf; and knows the Art of words ſo well, that (for ſhrowding diſhonelty under a fair pretext) he ſeems to preſerve mud in Chryſtal. Like a man of a kind nature, he is the firſt good to himſelf, in the next file, to his French Taylor, that gives him all his perfection: for indeed, like an *Eſtridge*, or *Bird of Paradiſe*, his feathers are more worth than his body. If ever he doe

good

good deed (which is very ſeldom) his own mouth is the *Chronicle* of it, leſt it ſhould die forgotten. His whole body goes all upon *skrews*, and his face is the *Vice* that moves them. If his *Patron* be given to muſick, he opens his chops, and *Sings*, or with a wrie neck, falls to tuning his inſtrument: if that fail, he takes the height of his Lord with a Hawking pole. He follows the mans fortune, not the man: ſeeking thereby to encreaſe his own. He pretends he is moſt undeſervedly envied, and cries out, remembring the game, *Cheſſe*, that a Pawn before a King is moſt playd on. Debts he owes none but ſhrewd turns, and thoſe he payes ere he be ſued. He is a flattering *Glaſſe* to conceal age, and wrinkles. He is *Mountains Monkie*, that climbing a tree, and ſkipping from bough to bough, gives you back his face; but come once to the top, he holds his noſe up into the wind, and ſhews you his tail: yet all this gay glitter, ſhews on him, as if the Sun ſhone

in

in a puddle; for he is a ſmall wine that will not laſt; and when he is falling, he goes of himſelf faſter than miſery can drive him.

A fair and hapy Milk-maid

IS a Countrey Wench, that is ſo far from making her ſelf beautifull by Art, that one look of hers is able to put *all face-Phyſicke* out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a *Dumbe Orator* to commend vertue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies ſtand in her ſo ſilently, as if they had ſtolne upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell (which is her ſelf) is farre better than out ſides *of Tiſſew*: for though ſhe be not arrayed in the ſpoil of the *Silke-worm*, ſhe is deckt in *innocency*, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long abed,

ſpoil

ſpoil both her *complexion* & *conditions*; Nature hath taught her, too *immoderate ſleep is ruſt to the Soul*: ſhe riſes therefore with *Chaunticlear* her dames Cock, and at night makes *Lamb* her *Corfew*. In milking a Cow, and ſtraining the Teats through her fingers, it ſeemes that ſo ſweet a Milk-preſſe makes the Milk the whiter or ſweeter; for never came *Almond Glove* or *Aromatique Oyntment* of her Palme to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiſſe her feet when ſhe reaps them as if they wiſht to be bound and led priſoners by the ſame hand that fell'd them. Her breath is her own, which ſents all the year long of *June*, like a new made Haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart ſoft with pitty: and when winters evenings fall early (ſitting at her merry wheel) ſhe ſings a defiance to the giddy *wheel of Fortune*. She doth all things with ſo ſweet a grace, it ſeems *ignorance* will not ſuffer her to doe ill, being her mind is to doe well. She beſtows her years wages at next fair; and in chuſing

chuſing her garments, counts no bravery i'th' world, like decency. The *Garden* and *Bee-hive* are all her *Phyſick* and *Chyrurgery* and ſhe lives the longer for't. She dares go alone, and unfold ſheep i'th' night, and fears no manner of ill, becauſe ſhe means none: yet to ſay truth, ſhe is never alone, for ſhe is ſtill accompanied with old *ſongs honeſt thoughts*, and *prayers*, but ſhort ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with inſuing idle cogitations. Laſtly her dreams are ſo chaſte, that ſhe dare tell them: only a Fridaies dream is all her *ſuperſtition*: that ſhe conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives ſhe, and all her care is ſhe may die in the *Spring-time*, to have ſtore of flowers ſtuck upon her winding-ſheet.

An

An arrant Horſe-courſer

HAth the trick to blow up Horſe-fleſh, as the Butcher doth Veale, which ſhall waſh out again in twice riding twixt *Waltham* and *London*. The Trade of Spurre-making had decayed long ſince, but for this ungodly tyreman. He is curſt all over the four ancient High-ways of England; none but the blind men that ſell ſwitches i'th' Road are beholding to him. His Stable is fill'd with ſo many Diſeaſes, one would thinke moſt part about Smithfield were an Hoſpitall for Horſes, or a ſlaughter-houſe of the Common-hunt. Let him furniſh you with a Hackney, 'tis as much as if the Kings warrant overtook you within ten miles to ſtay your journey. And though a man cannot ſay, he couzens you directly; yet any Oſtler within ten miles, ſhould he be brought upon his Book-

Book-oath, will affirme he hath laid a bait for you. Reſolve when you firſt ſtretch your ſelf in the ſtirrops, you are put as it were upon ſome Uſurer, that will never bear with you paſt his day. He were good to make one that had the Collick alight often, and (if example will cauſe him) make urine; let him onely for that ſay, *Gra'mercy Horſe*. For his ſale of horſes, he hath falſe covers for all manner of diſeaſes, onely comes ſhort of one thing (which he deſpairs not utterly to bring to perfection) to make a horſe goe on a wodden leg and two crutches. For powdring his eares with Quick ſilver, and giving him ſuppoſitories of live Elees, he's expert. All the while you are a cheapning, he fears you will not bite; but he laughs in his ſleeve, when he hath cozened you in earneſt. Frenchmen are his beſt chapmen, he keeps amblers for them on purpoſe, and knows he can deceive them very eaſily. He is ſo conſtant to his Trade, that while he is awake, he tries any man he talkes with, and when

he's asleep, he dreams very fearfully of the paving of Smithfield, for he knows it would founder his occupation.

A Roaring Boy

HIs life is a meer counterfeit Patent: which nevertheless makes many a Countrey Justice tremble. *Don Quixotes water-mills* are still Scotch Bagpipes to him. He sends Challenges by word of mouth: for he protests (as he is a Gentleman and a brother of the Sword) he can neither write nor read. He hath runne through divers parcels of Land, and great houses, beside both the Counters. If any private quarrell happen among our great Courtiers; he proclaims the *businesse*, that's the word, the *businesse*; as if the united

nited force of the *Romiſh Catholickes* were making up for *Germany*. He cheats young Guls that are newly come to Town; and when the keeper of the Ordinary blames him for it, he anſwers him in his own Profeſſion, that a *Woodcocke* muſt be pluckt ere he be dreſt. He is a *Superviſor* to Brothels, and in them is a more unlawfull reformer of vice, than Prentices on Shrove-tueſday. He loves his friend, as a Councellor at Law loves the velvet breeches he was firſt made Barreſter in, he'l be ſure to wear him thredbare ere he forſake him. He ſleeps with a Tobacco-pipe in's mouth; and his firſt praier i'th' morning is he may remember whom he fell out with over night. *Souldier* he is none, for he cannot diſtinguiſh 'tween *Onion-ſeed* and *Gunpowder*: if he have worn it in his hollow tooth for the Toothach, and ſo come to the knowlege of it, that's all. The Tenure by which he holds his meanes, is an eſtate at will; and that's borrowing. Land-lords have but four Quarter-dayes; but he three hun-

dred and odde. He keep very good *Company*; yet is a man of no *reckoning*: and when he goes not drunk to bed, he is very ſick next morning. He commonly dies like *Anacreon*, with a Grape in's throat; or *Hercules*, with fire in's marrow. And I have heard of ſome (that have ſcap't hanging) begg'd for *Anatomies*; only to deter man from taking *Tobacco*.

A Drunken Dutchman reſident in England.

IS but a Quarter-Maſter with his wife, He ſtinkes of Butter, as if he were anointed all over for the Itch. Let him come over never ſo lean, and plant him but one Moneth neer the Brew-houſes in S. *Katherines*, and he'l be puft up to your hand like a bloat Herring. Of all

places

places of pleaſure, he loves a Common Garden, and (with the Swine of the Pariſh) had need be ringed for rooting. Next to theſe he affects Lotteries naturally; and bequeaths the beſt prize in his Will aforehand; when his hopes fall, he's blank. They ſwarm in great Tenements like Flies: ſix Houſeholds will live in a Garret. He was wont (onely to make us fools) to buy the Fox ſkin for three pence, and ſell the tail for a ſhilling. Now his new Trade of brewing Strong-Waters makes a number of mad-men. He loves a Welſhman extreamly for his Diet and Orthography; that is, for plurality of conſonants, and cheeſe. Like a Horſe, he's onely guided by the mouth: when he's drunk, you may thruſt your hand into him like an Eeles-skin, and ſtrip him, his inſide outwards. He hoords up fair gold, and pretends 'tis to ſeeth in his Wives broth for a conſumption, and loves the memory of King *Henry* the 8. moſt eſpecially for his old Soveraigns.

He ſays we are unwiſe to lament the decay of Timber in *England:* for all manner of buildings or Fortification whatſoever, he deſires no other thing in the world, than Barrels and Hop-poles. To conclude, the only two plagues he trembles at, is ſmall Beer, and the Spaniſh Inquiſition.

A Phantaſtique.

An Improvident young Gallant.

THere is a confederacy between him and his cloaths, to be made a puppy: view him well, and you'l ſay his Gentry ſits as ill upon him, as if he had bought it with his penny. He hath more places to ſend money to, than the Devil hath to ſend his ſpirits: and to furniſh each Miſtreſſe, would make him run beſides his

his wits, if he had any to loſe. He accounts baſhfulneſs the wicked'ſt thing in the world; and therefore ſtudies impudence. If all men were of his mind, all honeſty would be out of faſhion. he withers his clothes on a Stage, as a Sale-man is forc't to do his ſuits in Birchin-lane; and when the Play is done, if you mark his riſing, 'tis with a kind of walking Epilogue between the two candles, to know if his ſuit may paſſe for currant: he ſtudies by the deſcretion of his Barber, to frizle like a Baboon: three ſuch would keep three the nimbleſt Barbers in the town from ever having leaſure to wear net-Garters: for when they have to do with him, they have many Irons in'th fire. He is travelled, but to little purpoſe; only went over for a ſquirt, and came back again, yet never the more mended in his conditions, 'cauſe he carried himſelf along with him: a Scholler he pretends himſelf, and ſaies he hath ſweat for it but the truth is, he knows *Cornelius* far better than *Tacitus*: his ordinary

ſports are Cock-fights: but the moſt frequent, horſe-races, from whence he comes home dry-foundred. Thus when his purſe hath caſt her calf, he goes down into the Country: where he is brought to milk and white cheeſe like the *Switzers*.

A Button-maker of Amſterdam.

IS one that is fled over for his *Conſcience*; and left his wife and children upon the Pariſh. For his knowledge, he is meerly a *Horn-book*, without a *Chriſt-Croſs* afore it; and his zeal conſiſts much in hanging his Bible in a Dutch button: he couzens men in the purity of his clothes: and 'twas his only joy when he was on this ſide, to be in Priſon: he cries out, 'Tis impoſſible for any man to be dam'd, that lives in his Religion, and his equivocation is true: as long as a man

lives in't, he cannot; but if he die in't, there's the queſtion. Of all Feaſts in the year, he accounts St. *Georges* Feaſt the prophaneſt, becauſe of S. *Georges* Croſs, yet ſomtime he doth *ſacrifice* to his own belly; provided, that he put off the Wake of his own nativity, or wedding till *good Friday*. If there be a great Feaſt in the Town, though moſt of the wicked (as he cals them) be there, he will be ſure to be a gueſt, and to out-eat ſix of the fatteſt *Burgers*: he thinks, though he may not pray with a *Jew*, he may eat with a *Jew*: he winks when he prays, and thinks he knows the way ſo now to heaven, that he can find it blindfold. Latine he accounts the language of the *Beaſt* with ſeven heads; and when he ſpeaks of his own Country, cries, he is fled out of *Babel*. Laſtly, his devotion is *Obſtinacy*; the only ſolace of his heart, *Contradition*; and his main end, *Hypocriſie*.

A diſtaſter

A Diſtaſter of the Time.

IS a *Winter Graſhoper* all the year long that looks back upon *Harveſt*, with a lean pair of cheecks, never ſets forward to meet it, his malice ſucks up the greateſt part of his own venome, and therewith impoiſoneth himſelf: and this ſickneſſe riſes rather of *ſelf-opinion, or overgreat expedition*; ſo in the conceit of his own over-worthineſs, like a *Coiſtrel*, he ſtrives to fill himſelf with wind, and flies againſt it. Any mans advancement is the moſt Capital offence that can be to his malice: yet this envy, like *Phalaris Bull*, makes that a torment, firſt for himſelf, he prepared for others: he is a *Day-bed for the devil* to ſlumber on; his bloud is of a yellowiſh colour; like thoſe that have been bitten by *Vipers*; and his gaul flows as thick in him as oyl in a poyſon'd ſtomack. He infects all ſociety, as thunder ſowres wine: war or peace, dearth

or

or plenty, makes him equally discontented. And where he finds no cause to tax the State, he descends to rail against the rate of Salt-butter. His wishes are *whirlwinds*; which breath'd forth, return into himself, and make him a most giddy & tottering vessel. When he is awake, and goes abroad, he doth but walk in his sleep, for his visitation is directed to none; his businesse is nothing. He is often dumb-mad, and goes fetter'd in his own entrailes. Religion is commonly his pretence of discontent, though he can be of all religions therefore truly of none. Thus by naturalizing himself, some would think him a very dangerous fellow to the state, but he is not greatly to be fear'd: for this dejection of his, is only like a Rogue that goes on his knees and elbowes in the mire, to further his cogging.

A meer fellow of an house.

EXamines all mens carriage but his own; and is so kind-natured to himself, he finds fault with all mens but his own. He wears his apparel much after the fashion; his means will not suffer him to come too nigh: they afford him *Mock-velvet*, or *Satimisco*; but not without the Colleges next leases acquaintance: his inside is of the self-same fashion, not rich: but as it reflects from the glass of self-liking, there *Cræsus* is *Irus* to him. He is a *Pedant* in shew, though his title be *Tutor*; and his *Pupils*, in a broader phrase, are *school-boys*. On these he spends the false gallop of his tongue; and with senseless discourse tows them alone, not out of ignorance. He shews them the rind, conceals the sap: by this means he keeps them the longer, himself the better. He hath learnt to cough, and spit, and blow his nose at every period,

riod, to recover his memory: and ſtudies chiefly to ſet his eyes and beard to a new form of learning. His Religion lies in wait for the inclination of his Patron; neither ebs nor flows, but juſt ſtanding water between *Proteſtant* and *Puritane*. His dreams are of plurality of Benefices and Non-reſidency; and when he riſes, acts a long Grace to his looking-glaſſe. Againſt he comes to be ſome great mans Chaplain, he hath a habit of boldneſſe, though a very Coward. He ſpeakes ſwords, fights, *Ergo's*: His peace on foot is a meaſure; on horſe-back agallop: for his legs are his own, though horſe and ſpurres are borrowed. He hath leſſe uſe than poſſeſſion of Books. He is not ſo proud, but he will call the meaneſt Author by his name; nor ſo unskilled in the Herauldry of a ſtudy, but he knows each mans place. So ends that fellowſhip, and begins another.

A meer Petty fogger

IS *one of Sampſons Foxes:* He ſets men together by the eares, more ſhamefully than *Pillories*; and in a long vacation his ſport is to goe a fiſhing *with the Penall ſtatutes.* He cannot erre before Judgment, and then you ſee it, only *writs of error* are the *Tariers* that keep his *Client* undoing ſomewhat the longer. He is a veſtry-man in his Pariſh, and eaſily ſets his neighbour at variance with the *Vicar*, when his wicked *Counſell* on both ſides is like weapons put into mens hands by a *Fencer*, whereby they get blows, he money. His honeſty and learning bring him to *Under-Shriveſhip*, which having thrice runne through, he doe's not fear the *Lieutenant* o'th' Shire: nay more, he fears not God. *Cowardiſe* holds him a good Common-wealths man; his pen is the plough, and parchment the Soyle, whence he

he reaps both Coyn and curſes. He is an *Earthquake*, that willingly will let no ground lye in quiet. Broken titles makes him whole; to have half in the County break their Bonds, were the only liberty of Conſcience. He would wiſh (though he be a *Browniſt*) no neighbour of his ſhould pay his Tithes duly, if ſuch Suits held continuall Plea at *Weſtminſter*. He cannot away with the reverend Service, in our Church, becauſe it ends with *The peace of God*. He loves blows extremely, and hath his *Chirurgians* bill of all rates, from head to foot, incenſe the fury: he would not give away his yearly beatings for a good peece of money. He makes his Will in form of a Law-caſe, full af quiddits, that his friends after his death (if for nothing elſe, yet) for the vexation of Law, may have cauſe to remember him. And if he thought the ghoſt of men did walk again (as they report in time of Popery) ſure he would hide ſome ſingle money in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, that his ſpirit might haunt there

Only

Only with this, I will pitch him o're the Bar, and leave him, That his fingers itch after a Bribe, ever ſince his firſt practiſing of Court-hand.

An Ingroſſer of Corn.

THere is no vermine in the Land like him, he ſlanders both Heaven and earth with pretended Dearths when there's no cauſe of ſcarcity. He hoording in a deer year, is like *Eriſichthons* Bowels in *Ovid* : *Quodque urbibus eſſe : quodque ſatis poterat populo, non ſufficit uni.* He prayes daily for more incloſures, and knows no reaſon in his Religion, why we ſhould call our forefathers days, *The time of ignorance*, but onely becauſe they ſold Wheat for twelve pence a buſhell. He wiſhes that *Dantzig* were at the *Moloccos*; and had rather be cer-

certain of ſome forraign invaſion, than of the ſeting up of the Stilyard. When his barnes and garners are full (if it be a time of dearth) he will buy half a buſhel i'th' Market to ſerve his Houſhold: and winnows his Corn in the night, leſt, as the Chaffe thrown upon the water, ſhew'd plenty in *Egypt*; ſo his (carried by the wind) ſhould proclaim his abundance. No painting pleaſes him ſo well, as *Pharohs* dream of the ſeven lean Kine, that eat up the fat ones; that he has in his Parlor, which he will deſcribe to you like a motion, and his comment ends with a ſmothered prayer for the like ſcarcity. He cannot away with Tobacco; for he is perſwaded (and not much amiſſe) that 'tis a ſparer of bread-corn; which he could find in's heart to tranſport without Licence: but weighing the penalty, he grows mealy-mouth'd and dares not. Sweet ſmels he cannot abide; wiſhes that the pure air were generally corrupted: nay, that the ſpring had loſt her fragrancy for ever,

or we our ſuperfluous ſence of ſmelling, (as he tearms it) that his Corn might not be found muſty. The poor he accounts the Juſtices Intelligencers, and cannot abide them: he complains of our negligence of diſcovering new parts of the world, onely to rid them from our Climate. His Son, by a certain kind of inſtinct, he binds Prentice to a Taylor, who all the terme of his Indenture, hath a dear year in's belly, and ravins bread extreamly: when he comes to be a freeman (if it be a dearth) he marries him to a Bakers daughter.

A Devilliſh Uſerer

IS ſowed as *Cummin* or *Hemp-ſeed*, with curſes; and he thinkes he thrives the better. He is far better read in the *Pœnall Statutes*, than the Bible; and his evil

evil angel perſwades him, he ſhall ſooner be ſaved by them. He can be no mans friend; for all men he hath moſt intereſt in, he undoes: and a double dealer, he is certainly, for by his good will, he ever takes the forfeit. He puts his money to the unnatural Act of generation; and his Scriv'ner is the ſuperviſor bawd to't. Good deeds he loves none, but Seal'd and Delivered: nor doth he wiſh any thing to thrive in the Country, but Bee-hives; for they make him wax rich. He hates all but Law-Latine, yet thinks he might be drawn to love a Scholler, could he reduce the year to a ſhorter compaſs, that his uſe mony might come in the faſter. He ſeems to be the ſon of a Jaylor, for all his eſtate is in moſt heavy and cruel bonds. He doth not give, but ſell days of payment, and thoſe at the rate of a mans undoing: he doth onely fear the day of Judgement ſhould fall ſooner, than the payment of ſome great ſum of money due to him: he removes his lodging when a ſubſidy

comes; and if he be found out, and pay it, he grumbles Treaſon; but 'tis in ſuch a deformed ſilence, as Witches raiſe their ſpirits in. Gravity he pretends in all things, but in his private Whore; for he will not in a hundred pound take one light ſixpence; and it ſeems he was at *Tilbury Campe*; for you muſt not tell him of a *Spaniard*. He is a man of no conſcience; for (like the *Jakes-farmer* that ſwounded with going into Bucklersbury) he falls into a cold ſweat, if he but look into the Chauncery: thinks in his religion, we are in the right for every thing, if that were aboliſht: he hides his money as if he thought to find it again at the laſt day, and then begin's old trade with it. His clothes plead preſcription; and whether they or his body are more rotten, is a queſtion: yet ſhould he live to be hang'd in them, this good they would do him, The very Hangman would pity his caſe. The Table he keeps, is able to ſtarve twenty tall men his ſervants

vants have not their living, but their dying from him, and that's of Hunger. A ſpare diet he commends in all men, but himſelf: he comes to Cathedrals only for love of the ſinging-boyes, becauſe they look hungry. He likes our Religion beſt becauſe 'tis beſt cheap; yet would faine allow of Purgatory, cauſe 'twas of his Trade, and brought in ſo much money: his heart goes with the ſame ſnaphance his purſe doth, 'tis ſeldome open to any man: frindſhip he accounts but a word without any ſignification; nay, he loves all the world ſo little, that and it were poſſible, he would make himſelf his own Executor: for certain, he is made Adminiſtrator to his own good name, while he is in perfect memory, for that dyes long afore him; but he is ſo far from being at the charge of a Funerall for it, that he lets it ſtinke above ground. In concluſion, for nighbourhood, you were better dwell by a contentious Lawyer. And for his death, 'tis either Surfet, the Pox or deſ-

pair, for ſeldome ſuch as he die of Gods making, as honeſt men ſhould doe.

A Water-man

IS one that hath learnt to ſpeak well of himſelf; for alwaies he names himſelf, *The firſt man.* If he had betane himſelf to ſome richer Trade, he could not have choos'd but done well: For in this (though it be a mean one) he is ſtill plying it, and putting himſelf forward. He is evermore telling ſtrange Newes, moſt commonly lyes. If he be a Sculler, aske him if he be married, he'l equivocate and ſwear he's a ſingle man. Little truſt is to be given to him, for he thinks that day he does beſt, when he fetches moſt men over. His daily labour teaches him the art of diſſiembling: for like a fellow that rides to the pillory, he goes not that way he looks: he keeps ſuch a bawling at Weſtminſter, that if the Lawyers were

were not acquainted with it, an order would be tane with him. When he is upon the Water, he is Fare-company: when he comes aſhore, he mutinies, and contrary to all other Trades, is moſt ſurly to Gentlemen, when they tender payment: the Playhouſes only keep him ſober; and as it doth many other Gallants, make him an after-noons man. London-bridge is the moſt terrible eyeſore to him that can be. And to conclude, nothing but a *great Preſſe*, makes him flye from the River; nor any thing, but a great *Froſt*, can teach him any good manners.

A Reverend Judge

IS one that deſires to have his greatnes, only meaſur'd by his goodnes: his care is to appear ſuch to the people, as he would have them be; and to be himſelf ſuch as he appears; for vertue cannot ſeem one thing, and be another: he knows that the hill of greatneſs yeelds a moſt delightfull proſpect; but withall, that it is moſt ſubject to lightning, and thunder: and that the people, as in ancient *Tragedies*, ſit and cenſure the actions of thoſe in authority: he ſquares his own therefore, that they may farre be above their pitty: he wiſhes fewer Laws, ſo they were better obſerv'd: and for thoſe are mulctuary, he undeſtands their inſtitution not to be like briers or Springes, to catch every thing they lay hold of; but like Sea-markes (on our dangerous *Goodwin*) to avoid the ſhipwrack of ignorant paſſengers: he hates to wrong any man;

neither

neither hope, nor diſpair of preferment can draw him to ſuch an excigent: he thinks himſelf then moſt honourably ſeated, when he gives mercy the upper hand: he rather ſtrives to purchaſe good name, than land; and of all rich ſtuffes forbidden by the Statute, loathes to have his followers wear their clothes cut out of bribes and extortions. If his Prince call him to higher place there he delivers his mind plainly, and freely, knowing for truth, there is no place wherein diſſembling ought to have leſſe credit, than in a Princes Councell. Thus honor keeps peace with him to the grave, and doth not (as with many) there forſake him, and goe back with the Heraulds: but fairly ſits ore him, and broods out of his memory, many right excellent Common-wealths men.

A vertuous Widow

IS the Palme-tree, that thrives not after the ſupplantinig of her husband. For her childrens ſake ſhe firſt maries, for ſhe married that ſhe might have children, and for their ſakes ſhe maries no more. She is like the pureſt Gold, only imployed for Princes Medals, ſhe never receives but one mans impreſſion; the large joynture moves her not, titles of honnour cannot ſway her. To change her name, were (ſhe thinkes) to commit a ſinne ſhould make her aſham'd of her husbands calling. She thinks ſhe hath travel'd all the world in one man; the reſt of her time therefore ſhe directs to heaven. Her main ſuperſtition is ſhe thinks her husbands ghoſt would walk, ſhould ſhe not perform his will: ſhe would doe it, were there no

Prero-

Prerogative Court. She gives much to pious uſes, without any hope to merit by them: and as one Diamond faſhions another, ſo is ſhe wrought into works of Charity, with the duſt or aſhes of her husband. She lives to ſee her ſelf full of time; being ſo neceſſary for earth, God cals her not to heaven, till ſhe be very aged: and even then, though her naturall ſtrength fail her, ſhe ſtands like an ancient *Pyramid*; which the leſſe it grows to mans eie, the neerer it reaches to heaven. This latter Chaſtity of hers, is more grave and reverend, than that ere ſhe was maried: for in it, is neither hope, nor longing, nor fear, nor jealouſie. She ought to be a mirour for our yongeſt Dames to dreſſe themſelves by, when ſhe is fulleſt of wrinkles. No calamity can now come near her; for in ſuffering the loſſe of her husband, ſhe accounts all the reſt trifles. She hath laid his dead body in the worthieſt monument that can be. She hath buried it in her one heart. To conclude, She is a Relique, that without

any

any ſuperſtition in the world, though ſhe will not be kiſt, yet may be reverenc't.

An ordinary Widow

IS like the Heraulds Hearſe-cloth; ſhe ſerves to many funerals, with a very little altering the colour. The end of her Husband begins in tears; and the end of her tears begins in a Husband. She uſes to cunning women to know how many husbands ſhe ſhall have, and never maries without the conſent of ſix Midwives. Her chiefeſt pride is in the multitude of her Suitors; and by them ſhe gains: for one ſerves to draw on another, and with one at laſt ſhe ſhoots out another, as boyes doe Pellets in Eldern Guns. She commends to them a ſingle life, as Horſe-courſers doe their Jades, to put them away. Her fancy is to one

of

of the biggeſt of the Gard, but Knighthood makes her draw in in a weaker Bow. Her ſervants or kinsfolk, are the Trumpeters that ſummon any to his combat; by them ſhe gains much credit, but loſeth it again in the old Proverb: *Fama eſt mendax.* If ſhe live to be thrice maried, ſhe ſeldome fails to couzen her ſeconds huſbands Creditors. A churchman ſhe dare not venture upon; for ſhe hath heard widowes complain of dilapidations: nor a Souldier, though he have Candle-rents in the City, for his eſtate may be ſubject to fire: very ſeldome a Lawyer, without he ſhews his exceeding great practice, and can make her caſe the better: but a Knight with the old rent may do much for a great comming in is all in all with a Widdow: ever provided, that moſt part of her Plate and Jewels (before the wedding) be conceal'd with her Scrivener. Thus like a too-ripe Apple, ſhe falls off her ſelf: but he that hath her, is Lord but of a filthy purchaſe, for the tittle is crack't

rack't. Laſtly, while ſhe is a Widow, obſerve her, ſhe is no morning woman: the evening, a good fire and ſack, may make her liſten to a huſband: and if ever ſhe be made ſure, 'tis upon a full ſtomack to bed-ward.

A Quack-ſalver

IS a Mountebank of a larger Bill than a Taylor; if he can but come by names now of diſeaſes to ſtuffe it with 'tis all he ſkill he ſtudies for. He took his firſt beginning from a Cunning woman, and tole this black Art from her, while he made her Sea-coal fire. All the diſeaſes ever ſin brought upon man, doth he pretend to be a Curer of; when the truth is, his main cunning is Corn-cutting. A great plague makes him, what with raying againſt ſuch, as leave their cures for fear

feat of infection, & in friendly breaking Cake-bread, with the Fiſh-wives at funerais, he utters a moſt abominable deal of *Carduus water*, & the Conduits cry out, All the learned Doctors may caſt their Càps at him. He parts ſtakes with ſome Apothecary in the ſuburbs, at whoſe houſe he lies: and though he be never ſo familiar with his wife, the Apothecary dares not (for the richeſt horn in his ſhope) diſpleaſe him. All the Midwives in the Town are his Intelligencers; but Nurſes and young Merchants Wives (that would fain conceive with child) theſe are his Idolaters. He is a more unjuſt bone-ſetter, than a dice-maker; he hath put out more eyes than the ſmall Pox; more deaf than the *Cataracts* of *Nilus*; lamed more than the Gowt: ſhrunk more ſinews than one that makes bowſtrings, and kild more idly than Tobacco. A Magiſtrate that had any way ſo noble a ſpirit, as but to love a good horſe well, would not ſuffer him to be a farrier: his diſcourſe is vomit, and his ignorance,

rance, the ſtrongeſt purgation in the world: to one that would be ſpeedily cured, he hath more delays and doubles, than a Hare, or a Law-ſuit: he ſeeks to ſet us at variance with nature, & rather than he ſhall want diſeaſes, hee'l beget them. His eſpecial practice (as I ſaid afore) is upon women; labours to make their minds ſick, ere their bodies feel it, and then ther's, work for the Dog-leach. He pretends the cure of mad-men; and ſure he gets moſt by them, for no man in his perfect wit would meddle with him. Laſtly, he is ſuch a Juggler with Urinals, ſo dangerouſly unſkilfull, that if ever the City will have recourſe to him for diſeaſes that need purgation, let them emply him in ſcowring *Moor-ditch*.

A Canting Rogue.

THis not unlikely but he was begot by ſome Intelligencer under a hedge; for his mind is wholly given to travel. He is not troubled with making of jointures: he can divorce himſelf without the fee of a Proctor, nor fears he the cruelty of over-ſeers of his will. He leaves his children all the world to Cant in and all the people to their fathers. His Language is a conſtant tongue; the Northern ſpeech differs from the South, Welſh from the Corniſh: but *C*anting is general, nor ever could be altered by conqueſt of the *Saxon*, *Dane*, or *Norman*. He will not beg out of his limit though he ſtarve; nor break his oath if he ſwear by his *Solomon*, though you hang him: and he pays his cuſtome as truly to his Grand Rogue, as tribute is paid to the great Turk. The March Sun breeds a-

agues in others, but he adores it like the *Indians*; for then begins his progreſs after a hard winter. Oſtlers cannot indure him, for he is of the Infantry, and ſerves beſton foot. He offends not the Statute againſt the exceſs of apparel, for he will go naked, and counts it a voluntary penance. Forty of them lye in a Barn together, yet are never ſued upon the Statute of Inmates. If he were learned, no man could make a better deſcription of *England*; for he hath travel'd it over and over. Laſtly, he brags, that his great houſes are repaired to his hands, when Churches go to ruin: and thoſe are priſons.

A French

A French Cook.

HE learnt his trade in a Town of Garriſon near famiſht, where he practiſed to make a little go far; ſome drive it from more antiquity, and ſay, *Adam* (when he pickt ſallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feed the belly; but the Palate; and though his command lie in the Kitchen (which is but an inferiour place) yet ſhall you find him a very ſawcy companion. Ever ſince the Wars in *Naples*, he hath ſo minc't the ancient and bountiful allowance, as if his Nation ſhould keep a perpetual diet. The Servingmen call him the laſt relique of Popery, that makes men faſt againſt their conſcience. He can be truly ſaid to be no mans fellow but his Maſters: for the reſt of his ſervants are ſtarved by him. He is the prime cauſe why Noble-

men build their houſes ſo great: for the ſmalneſſe of their Kitchen, makes the houſe the bigger: and the Lord calls him his Alchymiſt that can extract gold out of hearbs, muſhromes, or any thing: that which he dreſſes, we may rather call a drinking, than a meal; yet he is ſo full of variety, that he brags, and truly, that he gives you but a taſt of what he can do: he dares not for his life come among the butchers, for ſure they would quarter and bake him after the *Engliſh* faſhion; hee's ſuch an enemy to Beef and Mutton. To conclude, he were only fit to make a funeral feaſt, where men ſhould eat their victuals in mourning.

A Sexton

IS an ill-willer to humane nature. Of all Proverbs, he cannot endure to hear that which sayes, We ought to live by the quick, not by the dead. He could willingly all his life time be confinde to the Church-yard; at least within five foot on't: for at every Church-stile, commonly ther's an Ale-house: where let him be found never so idle pated, he is still a grave drunkard. He breaks his fast heartilest while he is making a grave, and sayes, the opening of the ground makes him hungry. Though one would take him to be a Sloven, yet he loves clean linnen extremely, and for that reason takes an order that fine holland sheets be not made worms meat. Like a Nation called the *Cæsani*, he weeps when any are born, and laughes when they die: the reason; he gets by Burials,

not Christnings: he will hold argument in a Taverne over Sack, till the Diall and himself be both at a stand: he never observes any time but Sermon time, and there he sleeps by the hour-glass. The Rope-maker payes him a pension, and he payes tribute to the Physician; for the Physician makes work for the Sexton, as the Rope-maker for the hangman Lastly he wishes the Dog-days would last all yeer long: and a great plague is his yeer of Jubile.

A Iesuite.

IS a larger Spoon for a Traytour to feed with the Devill, then any other Order: unclaspe him, and he's a gray Wolfe, with a golden Starre in the forehead: so superstitiously he follows the Pope, that he for sakes Christ, in not giving *Cæsar* his due. His vowes seem heavenly; but in meddiling with State-

businesse,

buſineſs, he ſeems to mix heaven and earth together. His beſt Elements, are Confeſſion and Penance; by the firſt, he finds out mens inclinations; and by the latter, heaps wealth to his Seminary. He ſprang from *Ignatius Loyola*, a *Spaniſh* Souldier; and though he were found out long ſince the invention of the Canon, 'tis thought he hath not done leſs miſchefe. He is a half Key to open Princes Cabinets, aud pry in their Counſels; and where the Popes excommunication thunders, he holds it no more ſinne the decrowning of Kings, than our Puritanes doe, the ſuppreſſion of Biſhops. His order is full of irregularitie and diſobedience; ambitious above all meaſure; for of late days, in *Portugall* and the *Indies*, he rejected the name of Jeſuite, and would be call'd Diſciple. In *Rome*, and other Countries that give him freedome, he wears a mask upon his heart; in *England* he ſhifts it, and puts it upon his face. No place in our Climate hides him ſo ſecurely as a Ladies

Chamber: the modeſty of the *Purſe vant* hath only forborn the bed, and ſo miſt him. There is no Diſeaſe in Chriſtendome, that may ſo properly be call'd *The Kings evill*. To conclude, would you know him beyond Sea? In his Seminary, he's a Fox; but in the Inquiſition, a Lyon Rampant.

An excellent Actor.

WHatſoever is commendable to the grave Orator, is moſt exquiſitely perfect in him; for by a full and ſignificant action of body, he charmes our attention: ſit in a full Theater, and you will think you ſee ſo many lines drawn from the circumference of ſo many eares, whiles the *Actor* is the *Center*. He doth not ſtrive to make nature monſtrous, ſhe is often ſeen in the ſame Scene with him, but neither

neither on Stilts nor crutches; and for his voice, tis not lower than the prompter; not lowder than the Foile or Target. By his action he fortifies morall precepts with examples; for what wee ſee him perſonate, we think truly done before us; a man of a deep thought might apprehend, the ghoſt of our ancient *Heroes* walk't again, and take him (at ſeverall times) for many of them. He is much affected to painting, and tis a queſtion wither that make him an excellent Player, or his Playing an exquiſite Painter. He addes grace to the Poets labours: for what in the Poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and muſick. He entertains us in the beſt leaſure of our life, that is, between meales, the moſt unfit time either for ſtudy or bodily exerciſe. The flight of Hawkes and chaſe of wilde Beaſts, either of them are delights noble: but ſome think this ſport of men the worthier, deſpight all *calumny*. All men have been of his occupation: and indeed,

deed, what he doth fainedly, that doe others essentially: this day one plays a Monarch, the next a private person. Here one acts a Tyrant, on the morrow an Exile: A Parasite this man to night to morrow a Precisian, and so of divers others. I observe, of all men living, a worthy actor in one kinde is the strongest motive of affection that can be: for when he dyes, we cannot be perswaded any man can doe his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy Actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I would doe gold in the oare, I should not mind the drosse, but the purity of the metall.

A Franklin.

A Franklin.

HIs out side is an ancient Yeoman of England, though his inside may give armes(with the best Gentlemen) and ne're see the Herauld. There is no true rservant in the House then himself. Though he be Master, he says not to his servants, Goe to field, but Let us goe; and with his own eye, doth both fatten his flock, and set forward all manner of husbandrie. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his own fold yeelds him both food and rayment: he is pleas'd with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ransackes, as it were, *Noahs Arke* for food, onely to feed the riot of one meal. He is ne'r known to go to Law; understanding, to be Law-bound among men, is like to be hid-bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it: aud that such men

sleep

ſleep as unquietly, as if their pillowes were ſtuft with Lawyers pen-knives. When he builds, no poor Tenants cottage hinders his proſpect: thay are indeed his Almes-houſes; though there be painted on them no ſuch ſuperſcription: he never ſits up late, but when he hunts the Badger, the vow'd foe of his Lambs: nor uſes he any cruelty, but when he hunts the Hare, nor ſubtilty, but when he ſetteth ſnares for the Snite, or pitfalls for the Black-bird; nor oppreſſion, but when in the moneth of July, he goes to the next River, and ſhears his ſheep. He allowes of honeſt paſtime, and thinks not the bones of the dead any thing bruiſed, or the worſe for it, though the country Laſſes dance in the Church-yard after Even-ſong. Rock Munday, and the Wake in Summer, ſhrovings, the wakefull ketches on Chriſtmas Eve, the Hoky, or Seed cake, theſe he yearly keeps, yet holds them no reliques of popery. He is not ſo inquiſitive after news derived from the

privie

privy closet, when the finding an eiery of Hawkes in his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good ſtrain, are tydings more pleaſant, more profitable. He is Lord paramount within himſelf, though he hold by never ſo mean a Tenure and dies the more contentedly (though he leave his heir young) in regard he leaves him not liable to a covetous Guardian. Laſtly, to end him; he cares not when his end comes, he needs not fear his Audit, for his *Quietour* is in heaven.

A Rymer

IS a fellow whoſe face is hatcht all over with impudence, and ſhould he be hang'd ot pilloried, tis armed fot it. He is a Juggler with words, yet practiſes the Art of moſt uncleanly con-

conveyance. He doth boggle very often; and because himself winks at it, thinks 'tis not perceived: the main thing that ever he did was the tune he sang to. There is nothing in the earth so pittiful, no not an Ape-carrier, he is not worth thinking of, and therefore I must leave him as nature left him; a Dunghill not well laid together.

A Coveton

A Covetous man.

THis man would love honour and adore God, if there were an L more in his name: He hath coffind up his ſoul in his cheſts before his body; He could wiſh he were in *Mydas* his taking for hunger, on condition he had his chymical quality. At the grant of a new ſubſidy he would gladly hang himſelf, were it not for the charge of buying a Rope, and begins to take money upon uſe, when he hears of a privy ſeal. His morning prayer is to over-look his bags, whoſe every parcel begets his adoration. Then to his ſtudies, which are how to couzen this Tenant, begger that widow, or to undo ſome Orphane. Then his bonds are viewed, the well-known days of payment con'd by heart; and if he ever pray, it is, ſome one may break his day, that the beloved forfeiture may be obtained. His uſe is doubled,

doubted, and no one ſix pence begot or born, but preſently by an untimely thrift it is getting more. His chimney muſt not be acquainted with fire, for fear of miſchance, but if extremity of cold pinch him, he gets him heat with looking on, and ſometime removing his aged wood-pile, which he means to leave to many deſcents, till it hath out lived all the woods of that Countrey. He never ſpends candle but at Chriſtmas (when he has them for new years gifts) in hope that his ſervants will break glaſſes for want of light, which they double pay for in their wages. His actions are guilty of more crimes than any other mens thoughts, and he conceives no ſin which he dare not act ſave only luſt, from which he abſtains for fear he ſhould be charged with keeping Baſtards: once a year he feaſts, the reliques of which meal ſhall ſerve him the next quarter. In his talk he rails againſt eating of breakfaſts drinking betwixt meals, and ſwears he is impoveriſhed with paying of tithes. He had rather have

have the frame of the fall, than the price of Corn. If he chance to travel, he curſes his fortune that his place binds him to ride, and his faithful cloak-bag is ſure to take care for his proviſion. His nights are as troubleſom as his days, every Rat awakes him out of his unquiet ſleeps. If he have a daughter to marry, he wiſhes he were in *Hungary*, or might follow the cuſtom of that country that all her portion might be a weding Gown. If he fall ſick, he had rather die a thouſand deaths than pay for any Phyſick: & if he might have his choice, he would not go to heaven but on condition he may put money to uſe there. In fine, he lives a drudge, dies a wretch, that leaves a heap of pelf (which ſo many carefull hands had ſcraped together) to haſt after him to hell, and by the way it lodges in a Lawyers purſe.

The proud Man

IS one in whom pride is a quality that condemns every one beſides his maſter, who when he wears new clothes, thinks himſelf wrong'd, if they be not obſerv'd, imitated, and his diſcretion in the choice of his faſhion and ſtuffe applauded: when he vouchſafes to bleſſe the air with his preſence, he goes as near the wall as his Sattin ſuit will give him leave, and every paſſenger he views under the eyebrows, to obſerve whether he vails his bonnet low enough, which he returns with an Imperious Nod: he never ſalutes firſt, but his farewell is perpetual. In his attire he is effeminate, every hair knows his own ſtation; which if it chance to loſe it is check't in again with his pocket comb. He had rather have the whole Commonwealth out of order, than the leaſt member

ber of his Muchato, and chooſes rather to loſe his patrimony, than to have his band ruffled; at a feaſt if he be not placed in the higheſt ſeat, he eats nothing howſoever, he drinks to no man, talks with no man for fear of familiarity. He profeſſeth to keep his ſtomach for the *Pheaſan* or the *Quail*, and when they come he can eat little, he hath been ſo cloyed with them that year, although they be the firſt he ſaw. In his diſcourſe he talks of none but Privy Councellors, and is as prone to be-lie their acquaintance, as he is a Ladies favours: if he have but twelve pence in's purſe, he will give it for the beſt room in a play-houſe. He goes to ſermons, only to ſhew his gay cloaths, and if on other inferiour days he chance to meet his friend, he is ſorry he ſees him not in his beſt ſuit.

A Prison.

IT should be Christs Hospitall: for most of your wealthy Citizens are good benefactors to it; and yet it can hardly be so, because so few in it are kept upon Almes. Charities house and this, are built many miles asunder. One thing notwithstanding is here praise worthy, for men in this persecution cannot chuse but prove good Christians, in that they are a kind of Martyrs, and suffer for the truth. And yet it is so cursed a piece of Land that the son is ashamed to be his fathers heir in it. It is an infected pest-house all the year long: the plague-sores of the Law, are the diseases here hotly reigning. The Surgeons are Attornies and Pettifoggers, who kill more than they cure. *Lord have mercy upon us*, may well stand over these doors, for debt

debt is a moſt dangerous and catching City peſtilence. Some take this place for the walks in Moor-fields, (by reaſon the madmen are ſo near) but the croſſes here and there are not alike. No: it is not half ſo ſweet an air. For it is the Dunghil of the Law, upon which are thrown the ruins of Gentry, and the naſty heaps of voluntary decayed Bankrupts, by which means it comes to be a perfect meddall of the iron Age, ſithence nothing but gingling of keys rattleing of ſhackles, bolts, and grates are hear to be heard. It is the horſe of *Troy* in whoſe womb are ſhut up all the mad Greeks that were men of action. The *Nullum vacuum* (unleſſe in priſoners bellies) is here truly to be proved. One excellent effect is wrought by the place it ſelf, for the arranteſt coward breathing, being poſted hither, comes in three days to an admirable ſtomack. Does any man, deſire to learn muſick, every man here ſings *Lachrymæ* at firſt ſight, and is hardly out; he runnes diviſion upon every

note; and yet (to their commendations be it ſpoken) none of them (for all that diviſion) doe trouble the Chuch. They are no Anabaptiſts; if you ask under what Horizon this climate lyes, the *Bermoodas* and it are both under one and the ſame height. And whereas ſome ſuppoſe that this Iſland (like that) is haunted with Devils, it is not ſo: for thoſe devils (ſo talked of, and feared) are none elſe but hoggiſh Jaylors. Hither you need not ſayle, for it is a ſhip of it ſelf: the Maſters ſide is the upper deck. They in the common Jayle lye under hatches, and help to ballaſt it. Intricate caſes, are the Tacklings, Executions the Anchors, Capiaſſes the Cables, Chancery-bils the huge Sayles, a long Terme the Maſt, Law the Helme, a Judge the Pylot, a Councel the Purſer, an Arturney the Boatſwain, his fletting Clark the Swabber, Bonds the Waves, Out-lawries Guſt, the Verdict of Juries rough wind, Extents the Kocks that ſplit all in peeces. Or if it be not a Ship, yet this and

a ſhip differ not much in the building; the one is moving miſery, the other a ſtanding. The firſt is ſeated on a Spring the ſecond on Piles. Either this place is an Embleme of a Bawdy-houſe or a Bawdy-houſe of it: for nothing is to be ſeen (in any room) but ſcurvy beds and bare walls. But (not ſo much to diſhonour it) it is an Univerſity of poor Schollers. in which three Arts are chiefely ſtudied: To pray, to curſe, and to write Letters.

A Priſoner

IS one that hath been a monied man, and is ſtill a very cloſe fellow; whoſoever is of his acquaintance, let them make much of him, for they ſhall find him as faſt a friend as any in England: he is a ſure man, and you know where to find him. The corruption of a Bankerupt, is commonly the generation of this

creature: he dwels on the back ſide of the World, or in the Suburbs of Society, and lives in a Tenement which he is ſure none will goe about to take over his head. To a man that walks abroad, he is one of the *Antipodes*, That goes on the top of the world; and This under it. At his firſt comming in, he is a *peece* of *new coin*, all ſharking old priſoners lye ſucking at his purſe. An old man and *he* are much alike, neither of them both goe farre. They are ſtillangry, and peeviſh, and they ſleep little. He was born at the *fall of Babel*, the confuſion of Languages is onely in his mouth. All the Vacations, he ſpeaks as good Engliſh, as any man in England, but in *Tearm times* he breaks out of that hopping one-legg'd pace, into a *racking trot* of *Iſſues*, *Billes*, *Replications*, *Rejoynders*, *Demurres*, *Querelles*, *Subpena's*, *&c.* able to fright a ſimple Countrey fellow, and make him beleeve he Conjures. Whatſoever his Complexion was before, it *turnes* (in this place) to *Choler* or deep

Melan-

Melancholy, ſo that he needs every hour to take Phyſick to looſe his body, for that (like his eſtate) is very *foul* and *corrupt*, and extremely *hard bound*. The taking of an *Execution* off his ſtomack, give him five or ſix ſtools, and leaves his body very ſoluble. The *withdrawing* of an Action, is a *Vomit*. He is no ſound man, and yet an utter Barreſter (nay, a Sergeant of the Caſe) will feed heartily upon him, he is very good picking meat for a Lawyer. The Barber Surgeons may (if they will) beg him for an *Anatomie* after he hath ſuffered an Execution, an excellent Lecture may be made upon his body: for he is a kind of dead carkaſſe, *Creditors*, *Lawyers*, and *Jaylors* devour it: *Creditors* peck out his eyes with his own tears, *Lawyers* flay off his own skinne, and lappe him in parchment, and *Jaylors* are the *Promethean Vultures* that gnaw his very heart. He is a bond-ſlave to the Law, and (albeit he were a Shop-keeper in *London*) yet he cannot with ſafe conſcience write himſelf

ſcience write himſelf a *freeman*. His *Religion* is of five or ſix colours, this day he prays that God would turn the hearts of his Creditors: and to morrow he curſeth the time that ever he ſaw them. His *apparell* is dawb'd commonly with Statute lace, the *ſuit* it ſelf of *durance*, and the *hoſe* full of long Pains. He hath many other laſting ſuits, which he himſelf is never able to *wear* out, for they *wear* out him. The *Zodiaque* of his life, is like that of the *Sun* (marry not half, ſo glorious.) It begins in *Aries*, and ends in *Piſces*. Both *Head* and *Feet* are (all the year long) in troubleſome and laborious *motions*, and *Weſtminſter Hall* is his *Sphear*. He lives between the two *Tropiques*, (*Cancer* and *Capricorn*) and by that means is in double danger (of crabbed Creditors) for his *purſe*, and *honrs* for his *head*, if his wives heels be light. If he be a *Gentleman*, he alters his *armes* ſo ſoon as he comes in. Few (heer) carry *fields* or *argent*, but whatſoever they bare before, here they give onely *Sables*. Whiles he

lies

lies by it, he's travelling ore the *Alps*, and the hearts of his creditors are the ſnows that lye unmelted in the middle of Summer. He is an *Almanack* out of date: none of his daies ſpeak of fair Weather. Of all the files of men, he marcheth in the laſt, and comes limping, for he is ſhot, and is no man of this world. He hath loſt his way, and being benighted, ſtrayed into a wood full of *wolves*, and nothing ſo hard as to *get away*, without being devoured. He that walkes from ſix to ſix in *Pauls*; goes ſtill but a quoites caſt before this man.

A Cre-

A Creditor

IS a fellow that torments men for their good *conditions*. He is one of *Deucalions* ſons begotten of a ſtone. The marble Images in the Temple Church, that lye croſs legg'd doe much reſemble *him*, ſaving that *this* is a little more *croſſe*. He wears a forfeited bond under that part of his girdle where his *thumb* ſtickes, with as much pride as a *Welchman* does a *Leek* on S. *Davids* day, and quarrels more and longer about it. He is a *Catchpoles* mornings draught: for the news that ſuch a gallant's come yeſternight to Town, draws out of him both muſcadel and money too. He ſaies the *Lords prayer backwards*, or (to ſpeak better of him) he hath a *Pater noſter* by himſelf, and that *particle*, *Forgiveus our debts, as we forgive others*, &c. heeither quite leaves out, or elſe leaps over it. It is a dangerous rub in the alley of his conſcience. He is the *Bloud-hound* of the *law*, and hunts *counter*, very ſwiftly and with

with great judgement. He hath a *quick sent* to smell out his game, and a good *deep mouth* to pursue it, yet never opens till he bites, and bites not till he killes, or at least draws *bloud*, and then he pincheth most *doggedly*. He is a Lawyers Moyl, and the only beast upon which he *ambles* so often to *Westminster*. And a Lawyer is his God *Almighty*, in *him* onely he trusts, to *him* he flies in all his troubles, from *him*, he seeks succour; to *him* he prays that he may by his means overcome his enemies: *Him* does he worship both in the *Temple* and *abroad*, and hopes by him and good *Angels*, to prosper in all his *actions*. A Scrivener is his *Farriar*, and helps to recover all his diseased and maimed Obligations. Every Term he sets up a *Tenters* in *Westminster-Hall*, upon which he racks and stretches Gentlemen like *English broad-cloath*, beyond the staple of the Wooll, till the threds crack, and that causeth them with the least wet to shrink, and presently to wear *bars*: Marrie he

handles

handles a Citizen (at leaſt if himſelf be one) like a peece of *Spaniſh cloth*, gives him only a twich, and ſtrains him not too hard, knowing how apt he is to *break of himſelf*, and then he can cut nothing out of him but ſhreds. To the one, he comes like *Tamberlain*, with his *blak* and *bloudy flag*. but to the other, his white one hangs out, and (upon the parley) rather than fail, he takes ten groats i'th' pound for his *ranſom*, and ſo lets him *march* away with *Bag* and *Baggage*. From the beginning of *Hilary* to th' end of *Michaelmas*, his purſe is full of *Quick ſilver*, and that ſets him running from *Sun-riſe* to *Sun-ſet* up *Fleet-ſtreet*, & ſo to the *Chancery*, from thence to *Weſtminſter*, than back to one *Court*, after that to another; then to *Atturney*, then to a *Concellour*, and in every of theſe places, he melts ſome of his *Fat* (his money.) In the Vacation he goes to graſs, and gets up his *Fleſh* again, which he bates as you heard. If he were to be hang'd unleſs he could be ſav'd by his book, he cannot for his heart call

call for a *Pſalm* of *Mercy*. He is a *Law-trap* baited with parchment and wax; the fearful *Mice* he catches, are debtors, with whom *ſcratching Atturneyes* (like cats) play a good while, and then *mouze* them. The *Belly is an unſatiable creditor*, but *Man* worſe.

A Sergeant

WAS once taken (when he *bare office* in his pariſh) for an honeſt man. The ſpawn of a *decayed Shop-keeper* begets this *Fry*; out of that *dunghill* is this *Serpents egge* hatched. It is a Devil made ſometime out of one of the twelve Companies, and does but ſtudy the part and rehearſe it on earth, to be perfect when he comes to act it in hell: that is his ſtage. The hangman and he are *twines*; onely the *hangman* is the elder Brother, and he dying without iſſue (as commonly he

does

does, for none but a *Rope-makers* widdow will marry him) this then inherites. His *habit* is a long *Gown*, made at first to cover his knavery, but that *growing* too monstrous, he now goes in Buffe: his conscience and that being both *cut* out of one Hide, and are of one toughness. The *Counter gate* is his *kennell*, the *whole City* his *Paris garden*, the misery of a poor man (but especially a bad liver) is the Offalles on which he feeds. The Devil calls him his *white son*; he is so like him, that he is the worse for it, and he takes after his Father; for the one *torments bodies*, as fast the other *tortures souls*. *Money* is the *crust* he leaps at: *Cry a Duck a Duck*, and he plunges not so eagerly as at this. The *dogs chaps water* to fetch nothing else. he hath his name for the same quality; For *Sergeant*, is *Quasi See Argent*, look you *Rogue* here is money. He goes *muffled* like a Theif, and carries still the marks of one, for he *steals* upon man *cowardly*, *Plucks* him by the Throat, makes, him *stand* and fleeces him. In this they differ, the theif

is

is more *valiant* and more *honeſt*. His walks in Terme times are up *Fleet-ſtreet*, at the end of the Terme up Holborn, and ſo to Tyburn, the gallows are his purlues, in which the *Hang-man* and *He* are *Quarter rangers*, the one *turns* off, and the other *cuts down*. All the vacation he lies imboag'd behind the lattice of ſome blind drunken, bawdy Ale-houſe, and if he ſpy his prey, out he leaps, like a free-booter, and rifles; or like a *Ban-dog* worries. No Officer to the City, keeps his oath ſo *uprightly*; he never is forſworn, for he ſwears to be *true Varlet* to the City, and he continues ſo to his dying day. *Mace*, which is ſo comfortable to the ſtomack in all kind of meats, turns in his hand to mortall poiſon. This Raven pecks not out mens eyes as others do, all his ſpite is at their ſhoulders, and you were better to have the *Night-Mare* ride you, than this *Incubus*. When any of the Furies of Hell die, this *Cacodæmon* hath the reverſion of his place. He will venture as deſperately upon the *Pox* as any *Roaring boy* of them

all. For when he arrests a *whore*, himself puts her in common bail at his own perill, and she pays him soundly for his labour; upon one of the Sheriffes Custards he is not so greedy nor so sharp set, as at such a stew-pot. The City is (by the custome) to feed him with good meat, as they send dead horses to their hounds, onely to keep them both in good heart, for not only those *Curs* at the *Dog-house*, but these within the walls, are to serve in their places in their several huntings. He is a Citizens birdlime, and where he holds, he hangs.

His Yeoman.

IS the *Hanger* that a *Sergeant* wears by his side, it is a false Die of the same *Ball*,

Ball, but not the ſame *Cut*, for it runnes ſome-what *higher*, and does more miſchief. It is a *Tumbler* to drive in the *Conies*. He is yet but a *bungler*, and knows not how to cut up a man without *tearing* but by a pattern. One *Terme* fleſhes him, or a *Fleet-ſtreet break-faſt*. The *Devil* is but his father in *law*, and yet for the love he bears him, will leave him as much as if he were his own child. And for that cauſe (in ſtead of prayers) he does every morning at the *Counter-gate* aſk him *bleſſing*, and thrives the better in his *actions* all the day after. This is the hook that hangs under water to choak the *fiſh*, and his Sergeant is the *quill* above water, which pops down ſo ſoon as ever the *bait* is ſwallowed. It is indeed an *Otter*, and the more terrible deſtroyer of the two. This *Counter-Rat* hath a tail as long as his fellowes, but his teeth are more ſharp, and he more hungrey becauſe he does but ſnap, and hath not his full *half ſhare* of the booty. The eye of this Wolf is as quick in his head, as a *Cut-*

Purſes in a throng, and as nimble is he at his buſineſſe, as an *Hang-man* at an *execution*. His *Office* is as the dogs do worry the ſheep firſt, or drive him to the ſhambles; the Butcher that cuts his throat ſteps out afterwards, and that's his *Sergeant*. His living lies within the City, but his *conſcience* lies *bed-rid* in one of the holes of a *Counter*. This Eele is bred too, out of the mud of a Bankrupt, and dies commonly with his guts ript up, or elſe a ſudden ſtab ſends him of his laſt errand. He will very greedily take a cut with a ſword, and ſuck more ſilver out of the wound than his *Surgeon* ſhall. His beginning is deteſtable, his courſes deſperate, and his end damnable.

A Common cruel Jaylor.

IS a creature miſtaken in the making, for he ſhould be a Tyger, but the ſhape

ſhape being thought too terrible, it is covered; and he wears the vizor of a man, yet retains the qualities of his former fierceneſs, curriſhneſs, and ravening. Of that red earth, of which man was faſhioned, this peece was the baſeſt; of the rubbiſh which was left, and thrown by, came this Jaylor, his deſcent is then more ancient, but more ignoble, for he comes of the race of thoſe angels that fell with *Lucifer* from heaven, whither he never (or very hardly) returns. Of all his bunches of keyes, not one hath wards to open that door; For this Jaylors ſoul ſtands not upon thoſe two Pillars that ſupport heaven, (*Iuſtice* and *Mercy*:) it rather ſits upon thoſe two foot-ſtools of hell, *Wrong* and *Cruelty*. He is a Judges ſlave, and a priſoner's his. In this they differ, he is a voluntary one, the other compeld. He is the *Hang-man* of the Law (with a lame hand) and if the Law gave him all his limbs perfect, he would ſtrike thoſe, on whom he is glad to fawn. In fighting

againſt a Debtor, he is a Creditors ſecond; but obſerves not the laws of the *Duello*, his play is foul, and on all baſe advantages. His conſcience and his ſhackles hang up together, and are made very neer of the ſame mettle, ſaving that the one is harder than the other, and hath one property above Iron, for that never melts. He diſtils money out of poor mens tears, and grows fat by their curſes. No man comming to the practicall part of hell, can diſcharge it better, becauſe here he do's nothing but ſtudy the Theoricke of it. His houſe is the picture of hell in little, and the originall of the letters Patents of his office, ſtands exemplified there. A Chamber of lowſie beds, is better worth to him than the beſt Acre of corne-land in England. Two things are hard to him (nay almoſt impoſſible) viz: To ſave all his priſoners that none ever eſcape, and to be ſaved himſelf. His ears are ſtopt to the cries of others, and Gods to his: and good reaſon, for lay the life of a man in

one

one Scale, and his fees on the other, he will loſe the firſt, to find the ſecond. He muſt look for no mercy (if he deſires Juſtice to be done to him) for he ſhews none, and I thinke he cares the leſſe, becauſe he knows heaven hath no need of ſuch Tenants, the doors therewant no Porters, for they ſtand ever open. If it were poſſible for all creatures in the world to ſleep every night, he onely and a Tyrant cannot. That bleſſing is taken from them, and this curſe comes in the ſtead, to be ever in fear, and ever hated: what eſtate can be worſe?

What a Character is

IF I muſt ſpeak the School-maſters language, I will confeſſe that Character comes of this Infinitive moode χαραξω which ſignifies to ingrave, or make a deep Impreſſion. And for that

cauſe, a letter (as A. B.) is called a Character.

Thoſe Elements which we learn firſt, leaving a ſtrong ſeal in our memories.

Character is alſo taken for an Ægyptian Hieroglyphicke, for an impreſs, or ſhort Embleme; in little comprehending much.

To ſquare out a Character by our Engliſh levell, it is a picture (reall or perſonall) quaintly drawn, in various colours, all of them heightned by one ſhadowing.

It is a quicke and ſoft touch of many ſtrings, all ſhutting up in one muſicall cloze: it is wits deſcant on any plain ſong.

The Character of a happy life.

By SIR H. W.

HOw happy is he born or taught,
That ſerveth not anothers will;
Whoſe Armour is his honeſt thought,
And ſilly Truth *his higheſt skill!*

Whoſe paſſions not his Maſters are,
Whoſe ſoul is ſtill prepar'd for death:
Vnty'd unto the world with care
Of Princely love, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whoſe conſcience is his ſtrong retreat:
Whoſe ſtate can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make accuſers great.

Who

Who envieth none whom chance doth raiſe
Or vice: who never underſtood,
How deepeſt wounds are given with praiſe
Not rules of ſtate, but rules of good:

Who GOD doth late and early pray,
More of his grace, than gifts to lend;
Who entertains the harmleſſe day,
With a well choſen Book or Friend.

This man is free from ſervile bands,
Of hope to riſe, or fear to fall;
Lord of himſelf, though not of Lands,
And having nothing, he hath All.

An Eſ-

An Eſſay of Valour.

I Am of opinion, that nothing is ſo potent either to procure, or merit Love, as Valour; and I am glad I am ſo, for thereby I ſhall do my ſelf much eaſe. Becauſe valour never needs much wit to maintain it. To ſpeak of it in it ſelf, It is a quality which he that hath, ſhall have leaſt need of: ſo the beſt league between Princes is a mutuall fear, of each other. It teacheth a man to value his reputation as his life, and chiefly to hold the lye inſufferable, though being alone he finds no hurt it doth him. It leaves it ſelf to others cenſures. For he that brags of his own, diſſwades others from beleeving it. It feareth a ſword no more than an Ague. It alwaies makes good the owner: for though he be generally held a fool, he ſhall ſeldome hear ſo much by word of mouth; and that inlargeth him more than

than any ſpectacles, for it makes a little fellow to be called a *Tall man*. It yeelds the wall to none but a woman, whoſe weakneſs is her prerogatives; or a man ſeconded with a woman, as an Uſher which always goes before his betters. It makes a man become the witneſs of his own words, to ſtand to what-ever he hath ſaid, and thinketh it a reproach to commit his reviling unto the Law. It furniſheth youth with action, and age with diſcourſe, and both by futures; for a man muſt never boaſt himſelf in the preſent tenſe. And to come neerer home, nothing draws a woman like to it, for valor towards men, is an Embleme of an abilitie towards women, a good qualitie ſignifies a better. Nothing is more behovefull for that ſex, for from it they receive protection, and we free from the danger of it: Nothing makes a ſhorter cut to obtaining; for a man of armes is always void of cermonie, which is the wall that ſtands betwixt *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that is, man and woman, for there

there is no pride in women, but that which rebounds from our own baſeneſſe (as cowards grow valiant upon thoſe that are more cowards) ſo that only by our pale aſking, we teach them to deny. And by our ſhamefaſtneſſe, we put them in mind to be modeſt: whereas indeed it is cunning Rhetorick, to perſwade the hearers, that they are that already, which we would have them to be. This kind of baſhfulneſſe is far from men of valor, and eſpecially from ſouldiers, for ſuch are ever men (without doubt) forward and confident, loſing no time leſt they ſhould loſe opportunity, which is the beſt Factor for a Lover. And becauſe they know women are given to diſſemble; they will never beleive them when they deny. Whilome before this age of wit, and wearing black broke in upon us, there was no way known to win a Lady, but by Tilting, Tournying, and Riding thorow Foreſts, in which time theſe ſlender ſtriplings with little legs, were, held but of

ſtrength

ſtrength enough to marry their widdows. And even in our days there can be given no reaſon of the inundation of Servingmen upon their Miſtreſſes, but onely that uſually they carry their Miſtreſſes weapons, and his valour. To be counted handſome, juſt, learned, or welfavoured; all this carries no danger with it, but it is to be admitted to the title of valiant Acts, at leaſt the venturing of his mortality, and all women take delight to hold him ſafe in their armes, who hath eſcaped thither through many dangers. To ſpeak at once, man hath a privilege in valour; In cloaths and good faces we but imitate women, and many of that ſex will not think much (as far as an anſwer goes) to diſſemble wit too. So then theſe neat youths, theſe women in mens apparell, are too near a woman to be beloved of her, they be both of a Trade, but he of grim aſpect, and ſuch a one a glaſſe dares take, and ſhe will deſire him for newneſſe and variety. A ſcar in a mans face is the ſame that a mole in

a

womans; is a Jewel ſet in white to make it ſeem more white; For a ſcar in a man is a mark of honour, and no blemiſh; for 'tis a ſcar and a blemiſh in a Souldier to be without one. Now as for all things elſe, which are to procure Love, as a good face, wit cloaths, or a good body; each of them I confeſs may work ſomewhat for want of a better, that is, if valour be not their Rivall. A good face avails nothing, if it be in a coward that is baſhfull, the utmoſt of it is to be kiſt, which rather encreaſeth than quencheth Appetite. He that ſends her gifts, ſends her word alſo, that he is a man of ſmall gifts otherwiſe: for wooing by ſigns and tokens, imployes the author dumb. And if *Ovid* who writ the Law of Love were alive (as he is extant) would allow it as good a diverſity, that gifts ſhould be ſent as gratuities, not as bribes. Wit getteth rather promiſe than Love. Wit is not to be ſeen: and no woman takes advice of any in her loving; but

but of her own eyes and her waiting womans: Nay which is worſe, wit is not to to be felt, and ſo no good Bed-fellow. Wit applied to a woman, makes her diſſolve her ſimpering, and diſcover her teeth with laughter, and this is ſurely a purge for love; for the beginning of love is a kind of fooliſh melancholy. As for the man that makes his Taylor his Baw'd, and hopes to inveagle his love with ſuch a coloured ſuit; ſurely the ſame deeply hazzards the loſſe of her favour, upon every change of his clothes. So likewiſe for the other that courts her ſilently with a good body, let me certify him, that his cloaths depend upon the comlineſſe of his body, and ſo both upon opinion. She that hath been ſeduced by apparell, let me give her to wit, that men always put off their clothes before they go to bed. And let her that hath been enamoured of her ſervants body, underſtand, that if ſhe ſaw him in a ſkin of cloath, that is, in a Suit made of the pattern of his body, ſhe would ſee ſlender cauſe to love him ever after

after. There is no cloaths ſit ſo well in a womans eye, as a Suit of ſteel, though not of the faſhion, and no man ſo ſoon ſurpriſeth a womans affections, as he that is the ſubject of all whiſpering, and hath alwaies twenty ſtories of his own deeds depending upon him. Miſtake me not, I underſtand not by valour, one that never fights, but when he is backed with drink or anger, or hiſſed on with beholders, nor one that is deſperate nor one that takes away a Servingmans weapons, when perchance it coſt him his Quarters wages, nor yet one that wears a privy coat of defence, and therein is confident, for then ſuch as made Bucklers would be counted the Catalines of the Commonwealth. I intend one of an even reſolution grounded upon reaſon: which is alwaies even, having his power reſtrain'd by the law of not doing wrong. But now I remember I am for valour, and therefore muſt be a man of few words.

Certain Edicts from a Parliament in *Entopia*; written by the Lady *Southwell*.

INprimis, He that hath no other worth to commend him, than a good Suit of apparell, ſhall not dare to woe a Lady in his own behalf, but ſhall be allowed to carry the Hieroglyphick of his friends affection.

Item, that no foul-fac'd Lady ſhall rail on her that is fairer, becauſe ſhe is fairer; nor ſeek by black calumniation to darken her fame, unleſſe ſhe be her corrivall.

Item, that no man may entitle himſelf by the matchleſſe name of a friend, that loves upon condition, unleſſe he be a School-maſter.

Item, that no Lady, which modeſtly keeps

keeps her houſe for want of good clothes to viſit her Goſſips, ſhall profeſſe contempt of the worlds vanity, unleſſe ſhe ſee no hope of the tides returning.

Item, that no Bankrupt Knight, that to ſet up ſhop again, becomes paraſite or Buffone to ſome great Lord, ſhall ever after ſwear by his honour, but by his Knighthood he may.

Item, that no Lady that uſeth to paint, ſhall find fault with her Painter that hath not counterfeited her picture fair enough, unleſſe ſhe will acknowledge her ſelf to be the better counterfeiter.

Item, that no man whoſe vain love hath been rejected by a vertuous Lady, ſhall report that he hath refuſed and caſt her off, unleſſe he will take the baſe lying fellow by the next aſſailant, ſo rejected, without any further quarrell.

Item, that no Lady ſhall court her looking glaſſe, paſt one hour in a day, unleſſe ſhe profeſs to be an Inginer

Item, that no Quarter waiter ſhall fe ed on cheeſe three quarters of a year

to feaſt on ſattin one quarter, without *Galens* advice, and the Apothecaries bill to be written by a Taylor.

Item, that wench that is over enamoured of her ſelf, and thinks all other ſo too, ſhall be bound to carry a burthen of Birdlime on her back, and ſpin at a Barn-doret o catch fools.

Item, he that ſweareth when he loſeth his money at dice, ſhall challenge his damnation by the way of purchaſe.

Item, no Lady that ſilently ſimpereth for want of wit, ſhall be call'd modeſt.

Item, no fellow that begins to argue with a woman, and wants wit to encounter her, ſhall think he hath redeem'd his credit by putting her to ſilence with ſome laſcivious diſcourſe, unleſſe he wear white for *William*, and green for *Summer*.

Item, no woman that remaineth conſtant for want of aſſault, ſhall be called chaſt.

Item,

Item, he that profeſſeth vertuous love to a woman, and gives ground when his vanity is rejected, ſhall have his beard cut off and flie for a Haggard.

Item, ſhe that reſpecteth the good opinion of others, before the Being of good in her ſelf, ſhall not refuſe the name of an Hypocrite; and ſhe that employes all her time in working trappings for her ſelf, the name of a Spider: and ſhe that ſets the firſt queſt of enquiry amongſt her Goſſips for new faſhions, ſhall not refuſe a ſtitcher for her ſecond husband.

Item, he that hath reported a Lady to be vertuous, for the which he profeſſeth to love her, yet under hand commenceth a baſe ſuit, and is diſdained; ſhall not on this blow which his own vice hath given him, out of policie raile ſuddenly on her; for fear he be noted for a vicious fool; but to his friend in private he may ſay, that his judgement was blinded by her cunning diſguiſe, and that he finds her wavering in good-

neſſe, and in time he ſhall openly profeſſe to rail on her; but with ſuch a modeſty forſooth, as if he were loth to bring his judgement into queſtion; nor would he do it, but that he prefers truth even out of his own reach.

28 MR 59

NEVVS

NEWS
From any whence.
OR,
Old truth, under a ſuppoſall of Noveltie.

Occaſioned by divers Eſſaies, and private paſſages of Wit, between ſundry Gentlemen upon that ſubject.

News from Court.

IT is thought here that there are as great miſerys beyond happineſs, as a this ſide it, as *bring in love*. That truth is every mans by aſſenting. That time makes every thing aged, and yet it ſelf, was

never but a minute old. That, next ſleep, the greateſt devo urer of time is buſineſs: the greateſt ſtretcher of it, *Paſſion*: the trueſt meaſure of it, *Contemplation*. To be ſaved, always is the beſt plot: and vertue always clears her way as ſhe goes. *Vice* is ever behind-hand with it ſelf. That *Wit* and a *woman* are two frail things, and both the frailer by concurring. That the means of begetting a man, hath more increaſt mankind than the end. That the madneſs of Love is to be ſick of one part, and cured by another. The madneſs of Jealouſie, that it is ſo dilligent, and yet it hopes to loſe his labour. That all women for the bodily part, are but the ſame meaning put in divers words. That the differance in the ſenſe is their underſtanding. That the wiſdome of *Action* is *Diſcretion*; the knowledge of *Contemplation* is truth: the knowledge of *Action* is men. That the firſt condſiders what ſhould be, the latter makes uſe of what is. That every man is weak in his own humours. That every

every man a little beyond himself, is a fool. That affectation is the more ridiculous part of folly than ignorance. That the matter of greatneſs is compariſon. That God made one world of *Subſtance*, Man hath made another of *Art* and *Opinion*. That Money is nothing but a thing which *Art* hath turned up *Trump*. That cuſtome is the ſoul of circumſtances. That cuſtome hath ſo far prevailed, that *Truth* is now the greateſt news.

Sir *T. Over.*

Anſwer to the Court News.

THat *Happineſſe* and *Miſerie* are *Antipodes*. That *Goodneſſe* is not *Felicitie*, but the rode thither. That Mans ſtrength is but a viciſſitude of falling and riſing. That onely to refrain ill,

ill, is to be ill ſtill. That the plot of Salvation was laid before the plot of *Paradiſe*. That enjoying is the preparative to contemning. That he that ſeeks opinion beyond merit, goes juſt as far back. That no man can obtain his deſires, nor in the world hath not to his meaſure. That to ſtudy, men are more profitable than books. That mens loves are their affiictions. That Titles of Honour, are rattles to ſtill ambition. That to be a King, is *Fames Butte*, and *Fears Guiver*. That the ſouls of Women and Lovers, are wrapt in the port-manque of their ſenſes. That imagination is the end of man. That wit is the webbe, and Wiſdome the woofe of the cloth; ſo that womens ſouls were never made up. That envie knows what it will not confeſs. That *Goodneſſe* is like the art *Proſpeſtive*: one point Center, begetting infinite rayes. That Man, Woman, and the Devil, are the three degrees of compariſon That this News holds number, but not.

weight,

weight, by which couple all things receive form.

Country News.

THat there is most her, for it gathers in going. That reputation is measured by the Acre. That Poverty is the greatest dishonesty. That the pitty of *Alasse poor soul*, is for the most part mistaken. That rost Beef is the best smell. That a Justice of Peace is the best relique of Idolatry. That the Allegory of Justice drawn blind, is turned the wrong way. That not to live too heavenly is accounted great wrong. That wisdome descends in a race. That we love names better than persons. That to hold in Knights service, is a slippery service. That a Papist is a new word for a Traitor. That the duty of Religion is lent, not pay'd. That the reward is lost in the want of humility. That the puri-

tane

fame perſecution is as a cloud that can hide the glory of the light, but not the day. That the emulation of the *Engliſh* and *Scots* to be the *Kings* Countrymen, thruſt the honour on the *Welſh*. That a Courtier never attains his ſelf-knowledge, but by report. That his beſt Emblem is a Hearn-dog. That many great men are ſo proud, that they know not their own Fathers. That love is the taile worm. That a woman is the effect of her own firſt fame. That to remember, to know, and to underſtand, are three degrees not underſtood. That Country ambition is no vice, for there is nothing above a man. That fighting is a Servingmans valour: Maſters-dome their Maſters. That to live long, is to fill up the days we live. That the zeal of ſome mens Religion reſpect form their Friends. That the pleaſure of vice is indulgence of the preſent, for it endures but the acting. That the proper reward of goodneſſe is from within, the externall is policie. That good and ill

is

is the croſſe and pile in the ayme of life. That the ſoul is the Lamp of the body, Reaſon of the Soul, Religion of Reaſon, Faith of Religion, Chriſt of Faith. That circumſtances are the Atomies of Policie, Cenſure the being, Action the life, but ſucceſſe the Ornament. That Authority preſſeth down with weight and is thought violence: Policie trips up the heels, and is called the dexterity. That this life is a throng in a narrow paſſage, he that is firſt out, finds eaſe, he in the middle worſt hemm'd in with troubles, the hindmoſt that drives both out afore him, though not ſuffering wrong, hath his part in doing it. That God requires of our debts a reckoning, not payment. That heaven is the eaſieſt purchaſe, for we are the richer for the diſburſing. That liberallity ſhould have no object but the poor, if our minds were rich. That the myſtery of greatneſſe is to keep the inferiour ignorant of it. That all this is no News to a bet-

ter

set wit. *That the City cares not what the Country thinks.*

Sir T. R.

News from the very Country.

THat it is a Frippery of Courtiers, Merchants, and others, which have been in fashion, and are very near worn out. That Justices of Peace have the selling of under-woods, but the Lords have the great falls. The Jesuits are like Apricockes, heretofore, here and there one succour'd in a great mans house, and cost dear; now you may have them for nothing in every cottage. That every great Vice is a Pike in a Pon'd, that devours vertues and lesse vices. That it is wholsomest getting a stomack by walking on your own ground: and the thriftiest of laying it at anothers Table. That debtors are in *London* close prisoners, and here have the liberty of the house.

houſe. That *Atheiſts* in affliction, like blind beggers, are forced to aſk, though they know not of whom. That there are (God be thanked) not two ſuch Acres in all the Country, as the *Exchange* and *Weſtminſter Hall*. That only Chriſtmaſs Lords know their ends. That Women are not ſo tender fruit, but that they do as well, and bear as well upon beds, as plaſhed againſt walls. That our carts are never worſe imployed, than when they are waighted onby Coaches. That Sentences in Authors, like hairs in horſe tails, concurre in one rout of beauty and ſtrength; but being pluckt out one by one, ſerve only for ſprindges and ſnares. That both want and abundance, equally advance a rectified man from the world as cotton and ſtones are both good caſting for an Hawk. That I am ſure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, becauſe we do not all eat thereof. That our beſt three-pild miſchief comes from beyond the ſea, and rides poſt through the Country, but his errand

rand is to Court. That next to no wife and children, your own are the beſt paſtime, anothers wife and your children worſe, your wife and anothers children worſt. That States-men hunt their fortunes, and are often at default. Favorites courſe her, and are ever in view. That intemperance is not ſo unwholſome here; for none ever ſaw a Sparrow ſick of the Pox. That here is no trechery nor fidelity, but it is becauſe here are no ſecrets. That Court-motions are up and down, ours circular, theirs like ſquibs cannot ſtay at the higheſt, nor return to the place which they roſe from, but vaniſh and wear out in the way: Ours like Mil-wheeles, buſie without changing place; they have peremptory fortunes, we viciſſitudes

I. D.

Anſwer

Answer to the very Country News

IT is a thought, that man is the Cook of time, and made dresser of his own fatting. That the five Senses are Cinque-ports for temptation, the traffique sin, the Lievtenant *Satan*, the custom-tribute Souls. That the Citizens of the high Court, grow rich by simplicity; but those of *London*, by simple craft. That life, death, and time, do with short cudgels dance the Matachine. That those which dwell under the *Zona Torrida*, are troubled with more damps, than those of *Frigida*. That *Policy* and *Superstition* hath of late her masque rent from her face, and she is found with a wrie mouth and a stinking breath, and those that courted her hotly, hate her now in the same degree or beyond. That Nature too much loving her own, becomes unnatural and foolish. That the soul in

ſome is like an egg; hatched by a young Pullet, who often rigging from her neſt, makes hot and cold beget rottenneſſe, which her wanton youth will not believe, till the fair ſhell being broken, the ſtink appeareth to profit others, but cannot her. That thoſe are the wiſe ones, that hold the ſuperfices of vertue, to ſupport her contrary, all-ſufficient. That clemency within and without is the nurſe of rebellion. That thought of the future is retired into the Country, and time preſent dwels at Court. That I living near the Church-yard, where many are buried of the Peſt, yet my infection commeth from *Spain*, and it is feared it will diſperſe further into the Kindome.

A. S.

News to the Univerſity.

A Meer Scholler is but a live book. Actions do expreſs knowledge better than words; ſo much of the ſoul is loſt as the body cannot utter. To teach, ſhould rather be an effect, than the purpoſe of learning. Age decays nature, perfects Art: therefore the glory of youth is ſtrength; of the gray head, wiſdome; yet moſt condemn the follies of their own infancy, run after thoſe of the worlds, and in reverance of antiquity will bear an old error againſt a new truth. *Logick* is the *Herauldry* of Arts, and array of Judgement, none it ſelf, nor any Science without it: where it and learning meet not, muſt be either a ſkilfull ignorance, or a wild knowledge. Underſtanding cannot conclude out of mood and figure. Diſcretion contains *Rhetorick*; the next way to learn good

words, is to learn ſence; the neweſt *Philoſophy* is ſoundeſt, the eldeſt *Divinity*: *Aſtronomy* begins in Nature, ends in Magick. There is no honeſty of the body without health, which no man hath had ſince *Adam*. *Intemperance* that was the firſt mother of ſickneſs, is now the daughter. Nothing dies but qualities. No kind in the world can periſh without ruin of the whole. All parts help one another (like States) for particular intereſt: So in Arts which are but tranſlations of nature there is no ſound poſition in any one, which, imagine falſe, there may not from it be drawn ſtrong concluſions, to diſprove all the reſt. Where one truth is granted, it may be by direct means brought to confirm any other controverted. The ſoul and body of the firſt man, were made fit to be immortall together: we cannot live to the one, but we muſt die to the other. A man and a Chriſtian are two Creatures. Our perfection in this World is vertue; in the next knowledge;

ledge; when we ſhall read the glory of God in his own face.

News from Sea.

THat the beſt pleaſure is to have no object of pleaſure, and uniformity is a better proſpect than variety. That putting to Sea is change of life, but not of condition; where riſings and fals, calms, and croſſe gales are yours, in order and turne; fore winds but by chance. That it is the worſt wind to have no wind, and that your ſmooth-fac'd Courtier, deading your courſe by a calm, gives greater impediment, than an open enemies croſs gael. That levity is a vertue: for many are held up by it. That it's nothing ſo intricate and infinite to rigge a ſhip, as a woman, and the more either is fraught, the apter to leak. That to pumpe the one, & ſhreeve the other, is

alike noyſom. That ſmall faults habituated, are as dangerous as little leakes unfound; and that to puniſh and not prevent, is to labour in the pumpe, and leave the leak open. That it is beſt ſtriking Sail before a ſtorme, and neceſſarieſt in it. That a little time in our life is beſt, as the ſhorteſt cut to our Haven is the happieſt voyage. That to him that hath no Haven, no wind is friendly; and yet it is better to have no Haven, than ſome kind of one. That expedition every where to be bribed but at Sea. That gaine workes this miracle, to make men walke upon the water; and that the ſound of commodity drowns the noiſe of a ſtorme, eſpecially of an abſent one. That I have once in my life out gone night at Sea, but never darkneſs; and that I ſhall never wonder to ſee a hard world, becauſe I have lived to ſee the Sunne a bankrupt, being ready to ſtarve for cold in his perpetual preſence. That a mans companions are (like ſhips) to be kept in diſtance, or falling foul one of another;

only

onely with my friend I will cloze. That faireſt field for a runing head is the Sea, where he may run himſelf out of breath, and his humour out of him. That I could carry you much further, and yet leave more before than behind and all will be but *via Navis*, without print or tracke, for ſo is morall inſtruction to youths watriſh humour. That though a Ship under ſail be a good ſight, yet it is better to ſee her moor'd in the Haven. That I care not what become of this frail Bark of my fleſh, ſo I ſave the paſſenger. And here I caſt Anchor.

VV S.

Forrain News of the year 1622.

From France.

IT is delivered from *France*, that the choyce of friends there, is as of their Wines: thoſe that being new, are hard and harſh, prove beſt: the moſt pleaſing are leaſt laſting. That an enemy fierce at the firſt onſet, is as a torrent tumbling down a mountain; a while it bears all before it have but that whiles patience you may paſs it drie-foot. That a penetrating judgement may enter into a mans mind by his bodies gate: if this appear affected, apiſh and unſtable: a wonder if that be ſettled.

That vain glory, new faſhions, and the *French* deſeaſe, are upon termes of quitting

quitting their Countries Allegeance to be made free Deniſons of *England*. That the] wounds of an ancient enmity have their ſcarres, which cannot be ſo well cloz'd to the ſight, but they will lye open to the memory. That a Princes pleaſurable vices, uſhered by authority, and waited on by connivence, ſooner puniſh themſelves by the ſubjects imitation, then they can be reformed by remonſtrance or correction: ſo apt are all ill examples to rebound on them that give them. That Kings hear truth oftner for the tellers, than their own advantge.

From Spain.

THat the ſhorteſt cut to the riches of the *Indies*, is by their contempt. That who is feared of moſt, fears moſt. That it more vexeth the proud, that men diſpiſe them, than that they not fear

fear them. That greatneſs is friutfull enough, when other helps fail, to beget on it ſelf deſtruction. That it is a groſſe flatring of tired cruelty, to honeſt it with the title of clemency. That to eat much at other mens coſt, and little at his own, is the wholeſomeſt and moſt nouriſhing diet, both in Court and Country. That thoſe are apteſt to domineere over others, who by ſuffering indignities, have learned to offer them. That ambition like a ſilly Dove flies up to fall down, it minds not whence it came, but whither it will. That even Galley-ſlaves, ſetting light by their captivity, find freedome in bondage. That to be ſlow in military buſineſs is to be ſo courteous, as to give the way to an enemy. That lightning and greatneſs, more fear than hurt.

From

From Rome.

THat the Venereall (called Veniall) ſin, is to paſſe in the rank of Cardinal vertues; and that thoſe ſhould be held henceforth his Holineſs beneficiall frinds, that ſinne upon hope of pardon. That where vice is a State-commodity, he is an offender that often offends not. That Jewes and Curtezans there, are as beaſts that men feed, to feed on. That for an Engliſh man to abide at *Rome*, is not ſo dangerous as report makes it; ſince it ſkils not where we live, ſo we take heed how we live. That greatneſs comes not down by the way it went up, there being often found a ſmall diſtance between the higheſt and the loweſt fortunes. That rackt authority is oft leſs at home than abroad regarded, while things that ſeem, are (commonly) more a farre off than at hand feared.

From

From Venice.

THat the moſt profitable Bank, is the true uſe of a mans ſelf, whiles ſuch as grow mouldy in idleneſs, make their houſes their Tombs, and die before their death. That many dangerous ſpirits lie buried in their wants, which had they means to their minds, would dare as much as thoſe that with their better Fortunes over-top them. That profeſſed Curtezans, if they be any way good, it is becauſe they are openly bad. That frugality is the richeſt treaſure of an eſtate, where men feed for hunger, cloath for cold and modeſty, and ſpend for Honour, Charity, and Safety.

From

From Germany.

THat the infectious vice of Drunken-fellowſhip is like to ſtick by that Nation as long as the multitude of offenders ſo benumes the ſenſe of offending, as that a common blot is held no ſtain. That diſcretions muſt be taken by weight, not by tail: who doth otherwiſe, ſhall both prove his own too light, and fall ſhort of his reckoning. That fear and a nice fore-caſt of every ſlight danger, ſeldome gives either faithfull or fruitfull counſel. That the Empire of *Germany*, is not more great than that over a mans ſelf.

From

From the Low Countries.

THat one of the ſureſt grounds of a mans liberty is, not to give another power over it. That the moſt dangerous plunge whereto to put thine enemy, is deſperation, while forcing him to ſet light by his own life, thou makeſt him maſter of thine. That neglected danger lights ſooneſt and heavieſt. That they are wiſeſt, who in the liklihood of good, provide for ill. That ſince pity dwels at the next dore to miſery, he liveth moſt at eaſe, that is neighboured with envy. That the evil fortune of the wars, as wel as the good, is variable.

News from my Lodging.

THat the beſt proſpect is to look inward. That it is, quieter ſleeping in a good conſcience, than a whole ſkin. That a ſoul in a fat body lies ſoft, and is loth to riſe. That he muſt riſe betimes who would couzen the Devil. That *Flattery* is encreaſed from a pillow under the elbow, to a bed under the whole body. That *Policy* is the unſleeping night of reaſon. That he who ſleeps in the cradle of ſecurity, ſins ſoundly without ſtarting. That guilt is the Flea of the conſcience. That no man is throughly awaked, but by affliction. That a hang'd Chamber in private, is nothing ſo convenient as a hang'd Traitor in publick. That the religion of *Papiſtry*, is like a curtain, made to keep out the light. That the life of moſt Women is walking in their ſleep, and they talk their dreams

dreams. That Chambring is counted a civiller quality, than playing at Tables in the Hall, though Serving-men uſe both. That the beſt bedfellow for all times in the year, is a good bed without a fellow. That he who tumbles in a calm bed, hath his tempeſt within. That he who will riſe, muſt firſt lye down and take humility in his way. That ſleep is deaths picture drawn to life, or the twy-light of life and death. That in ſleep we kindly ſhake death by the hand; but when we are awaked, we will not know him. That often ſleepings are ſo many trials to die, that at laſt we may doe it perfectly that few dare write the true news of their Chamber: and that I have none ſecret enough to tempt a ſtrangers curioſity, or a ſervants diſcovery.

God give you good morrow.

B. R.

News of my morning Work.

THat to be good; the way is to be moſt alone, or the beſt accompanied. That the way to heaven is miſtaken for the moſt Melancholy walke That the moſt fear the worlds opinion, more then Gods diſpleaſure. That a Court-friend ſeldome goes further then the firſt degree of Charity. That the Devill is the perfecteſt Courtier. That innocencie was firſt Couſin to man, now guiltineſs hath the neereſt alliance. That ſleep is Deaths Leiger-Ambaſſadour. That time can never be ſpent: we paſſe by it, can not return. That none can be ſure of more time then an inſtant. That ſinne makes work for repentance, or the Devill. That patience hath more power than affliction. That every ones memory is divided into two parts: the part loſing all, is the

Sea, the keeping part is Land. That honeſty in the Court lives in perſecution, like Proteſtants in Spain. That predeſtination and coſtancy are alike uncertain to be judged of. That reaſon makes love the Serving-man. That vertues favour is better than a Kings favourite. That being ſick, begins a ſuit to God; being well, poſſeſſeth it. That health is the Coach which carries to Heaven, ſickneſs the poſt horſe. That worldly delights to one in extreme ſickneſs, is like a high-candle to a blind man. That abſence doth ſharpen love, preſence ſtrengthens it, that the one brings fuell, the other blowes it till it burns clear: that love often breaks friendſhip, that ever increaſeth love. That conſtancy of women, and love in men, is alike rare. That Art is truths Juggler That falſehood plays a larger part in the world than truth. That blind zeal, and laine knowledge, are a like apt to ill. That fortune is humbleſt wheremoſt contemned. That no Porter but reſoluti-

on

on keeps fear out of minds. That the face of goodneſs without a body, is the worſt wickedneſs. That womans fortunes aſpire but by others powers. That a man with a female wit, is the worſt *Hermaphrodite*. That a man not worthy being a friend, wrongs himſelfe by being in acquaintance, is making good and ill ſeem alike. That all this is news onely to fools.

Miſt. B.

News from the lower end of the Table.

IT is ſaid among the folk here, that if a man die in his infancy, he hath onely broke his faſt in this world: if in his youth, he hath left us at dinner. That it is bed-time with a man at threeſcore and ten: and he that lives to a

hundred yeers, hath walked a mile after ſupper. That the humble-minded man makes the loweſt curteſie. That grace before meat, is our election, before we were: grace after meat our ſalvation when we are gone. The foul that halts between two opinions, falls between two ſtools. That a fool at the upper end of the table, is the bread before the ſalt. He that hates to be reproved, ſits in his own light. Hunger is the cheapeſt ſawce, and nature the cheapeſt gueſt. That ſenſible man and the ſilent woman, are the beſt diſcourſers. Repentance without amendment, is but the ſhifting of a foul trencher. He that tels a lie to ſave his credit, wipes his mouth with his ſleeve to ſpare his napkin. The tongue of a Jeſter is the Fiddler that the hearts of the company dance to. The tongue of a fool carves a piece of his heart to every man that ſits next him. A ſilent man is a covered meſſe. The contented man only is his own carver. He

that

that hath many friends, eats too much ſalt with his meat. That wit without diſcretion, cuts other men meat, and his own finggers. That the ſoul of a cholericke man ſits ever by the fire-ſide. That patience is the lard of the leane meat of adverſitie. The Epicure puts his money into his belly, and the Miſer his belly in his purſe. That the beſt company makes the upper end of the table, and not the ſalt-celler. The ſuperfluitie of a mans poſſeſſions, is the broken meat that ſhould remain to the poor. That the envious keeps his knife in his hand, and ſwallowes his meat whole. A rich fool amongſt the wiſe, is a gilt empty bowl amongſt the thriftie. Ignorance is an inſenſible hunger. That water of life is the beſt wine. He that robs me of my invention, bids himſelfe welcome to another mans table, and I will bid him welcom when he is gone. The vain glorious man piſſeth more than he drinkes. That no man can drinke an health outof

the cup of blessing. To surfer upon wit, is more dangerous than to want it. He that's overcome of any passion, is dry drunk. Tis easier to fill the belly of faith than the eye of reason. That rich glutton is better fed than taught. That faith is the elbow for a heavy soul to lean on. He that sinnes that he may repent, surfets that he may take physick. He that rises without thanksgiving, goes away and owes for his ordinary. He that begins to repent when he is old, never washed his hands till night. That this life is but one day of three meales, or one meal of three courses: child-hood, youth, and old age. That to sup well, is to live well: and that's the way to sleep well. That no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till he be dead. And therefore,

Good night to you here,
and good morrow hereafter.

I. C.

News from the Church.

IT was thought heer, that the world was made for man, and not man for the world, and that therefore they take a croſſe courſe that lye down there. That thoſe that will not riſe, their ſouls muſt, and carry their bodies to judgement. That we have ſpent one inheritance already, and are prodigall of this. That there is no hope beyond mercy, and that this is that time; the next is of Juſtice. That Chriſt when he went away, left good ſeed in his Church; and when he comes again, he ſhall find Chriſtians, but not faith. That the Devill hath got, upon us, the ſame way that he did at the firſt, by drawing ſhadowes over ſubſtance, as he did the body over the ſoul. That *Proteſtants* weare the name of Chriſt for a Charme, as *Papiſts* doe the Croſſe. That States uſe it, the Clergie live by

it, the people follow it, more by a ſtream, then one by one. That all are religious rather then ſome. That every one looks to another, but not to himſelf. That they goe ſo by throngs to Heaven, that it is to be feared thy take the broader way. That the Church is in the world, like a Ship in the Sea; the elect in the Church, like *Ionas* amongſt the Mariners. That to mend this, is to cheat the Devill, to turn man the right ſide outward, and ſet the ſoul foremoſt again. That the ſoul may be too ranke, if we look not to it: and ſo a *Puritane* oftentimes meets a *Papiſt* in ſuperſtition another way. That to binde from and to indifferent things, is equall, though it be thought otherwiſe. That ſome, out of a good meaning, have fallen this way into a vice. That theſe faults are more ſubtill; and therefore leſſe perceived, and leſſe to be blamed; but as dangerous as the other, if they take head. That the rule is in all things,

the

the body and the ſoul muſt goe together, but the better before. That we have contended ſo long about the body of Religion, that ſome men thought it was dead. That ſo *Atheiſts* are come into the Church, and that it will be as hard to caſt them out, as Devils. That thoſe which have thus broken the peace of *Ieruſalem*, are obliged to ſatisfaction; and thoſe which firſt gave them cauſe of amendment. That they are a good medicine one for another, and both a good Compoſition. That a pure *Biſhop* is the beſt government, if the pride on both ſides would let them know it. That all Controverſies, for the moſt part; leave the truth in the middle, and are factious at both ends. That the Church hath this good by them, they cleanſe the way for others, but not for themſelves. That ſincerity, in the cauſe of truth, is more worth then learning. That too much, and too little knowledge, have made the world mad. That we have a

ſhorter

ſhorter cut to it; and a ſurer way than *Drake* had over the world, if we could find it out. That every man is a briefe of the whole; and as he is ſo, he is greater than a King. That every King is a briefe of his Land, and he hath a *Patterne* of the government of it alwaies about him. That as the honour that he gives unto his Nobles and Counſellors, is a charge; ſo is that which God gives him. That as he requires an account, ſo he muſt give. That he is the Image of God in his kingdome, as man is in the World. That therefore the Subjects owe him obedience, as the Creatures doe Man. That thoſe that will not obey, are neither good Subjects, nor good men. That to obey well, it is as great a thing as to govern, and more mens duties. That thoſe that think not ſo know not the Chriſtians part, which is to ſuffer. That though States be naught, if they profeſſe Religion, they may deliver many menſafe to Heaven, though they goe not themſelves, and ſo they are like bad Miniſter

ſters. That this is Gods uſe of both and of the world too, to convey his elect to their place. That the outward face of the Church hath but the ſame uſe, and the Elect are the Church themſelves. That they are the Temple of the holy Ghoſt, and therefore ought to pluck down their Idols, and ſet up God there. That the Idols of theſe times, are Covetouſeneſs, Pride, Gluttony, Wantonneſs, Hereſies, and ſuch like admiration and ſerving of our ſelves. That we muſt make all time an occaſion of amendment, becauſe the devill makes it an occaſion to tempt. That he is a ſpirit, and therefore cunninger than we. That there is no way to reſiſt him, but by the Spirit of God, which is his Maker. That this is the gift of God, which he giveth to all that are his. That it is increaſed by the word, and held by humility and prayer. That Faith is the effect of it, and works the aſſurance. That thus the underſtanding and will, which is the whole ſoul of man, is made up again, and ſanctifies the

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body. That ſo we are the members of Chriſt. That our Head is in Heaven, as a pawn, that where he is, we ſhall be. That there is no opinion but knowledge; for it is the Science of ſouls, and God the teacher.

News from the bed.

THat the bed is the Rendevou of mankind, and the moſt neceſſary ornament of a Chamber. That Souldiers are good Antiquaries in keeping the old faſhion; for the firſt bed was the bare ground. That a mans pillow is his beſt Counſeller. That *Adam* lay in ſtate, when the Heaven was his Canopie. That the naked truth is, *Adam* and *Eve* lay without ſheets. That they were either very innocent, verie ignorant, or very impudent,

dent, they were not aſhamed the heavens ſhould ſee them lie without coverlet. That it is likely *Eve* ſtudied Aſtronomie, which makes the poſterity of her Sex ever ſince to lie on their backes. That the circumference of the bed is nothing ſo wide as the convex of the heavens, yet it contains a whole world. That the five Senſes are the greateſt ſleepers. That a ſlothfull man is but a reaſonable Dormouſe. That the ſoul ever awakes to watch the body. That a jealous man ſleepes dog-ſleep. That ſleep makes no difference between a Wiſe man and a Fool. That for all times ſleep is the beſt bedfellow. That the Devill and miſchief ever awake. That love is a dream. That the preposterous hopes of ambitious men are like pleaſing dream, fartheſt off when awake. That the bed payes *Venus* more cuſtome then all the world beſide. That if dreams and wiſhes had been all true, there had not been ſince Noperie, one Maid to make a Nun of,

That

That the ſecure man ſleeps ſoundly, and is hardly to be awak't. That the charitable man dreams of building Churches, but ſtarts to thinke the ungodlier Courtier will pull them down again. That ſleepers were never dangerous in a State. That there is a naturall reaſon, why Popiſh Prieſts chuſe the bed to confeſs their women upon, for they hold it neceſſarie, that humilitation ſhould follow ſhrift. That if the bed ſhould ſpeak all it knows, it would put many to the bluſh. That it is fit the bed ſhould know more than paper.

R. S.

News from Shipboard.

THat Repentance without amendment, is like continuall pumping, without mending the leak. That he that lives without Religion, ſayles without Compaſs. That the wantonneſs of

of a peaceable Common-wealth, is like the playing of the Porpeſs before a ſtorm. That the fool is Sea-ſick in a Calme, but the wiſe mans ſtomack endures all weathers. That paſſions in a fool, are Ordnance broken looſe in a ſtorm, that alter their property of offending others, and ruine himſelf. That good Fortunes are aſoft quick-ſand, adverſity a rock, both equally dangerous. That vertue is in poverty a ready rig'd Ship, that lies wind-bound. That good faſhion in a man, is like the Pilot in a Ship, that doth moſt with leaſt force. That a Fooles tongue is like the buy of an Anchor, you ſhall finde his heart by it whereſoever it lyes. Wiſdome makes uſe of the croſſes of this world, as a ſkilfull Pilot of Rocks for Sea-markes to ſail by.

H. R.

News from the Chimney-corner.

THat wit is Bruſh-wood, judgement Timber: the one gives the greateſt flame, the other yeelds the durableſt heat, and both meeting makes the beſt fire. That Bawdes and Atturneyes are Andirons that uphold their Clyents, till they burn each other to aſhes: they receive warmth by theſe; theſe by them their deſtruction. That a wiſe rich man is like the back or ſtock of the Chimney, and his wealth the fire; he receives it not for his own need, but to reflect the heat to others good. That Houſe-keeping in England is falne from a great fire in a hot Summers day, to boughs in the Chimney all Winter long. That mans reaſon in matter of Faith is fire, in the firſt degree of his aſcent flame, next ſmoak, and then nothing. A young fel-

fellow faln in love with a whore, is ſaid to be faln aſleep in the Chimney corner. He that leaves his friend for his wench, forſakes his bed to ſet up and watch a coal. that the covetous rich man onely freezes before the fire. That Choler is an ill gueſt, that piſſes in the Chimney for want of a Chamber-pot. That chaſte Beauty is like the bellows, whoſe breath is cold, yet makes others burn. That he that expounds the Scriptures upon the warrant of his own ſpirit only, layes the brands together without Tongs, and is ſure (at leaſt) to burn his own fingers. That the Lover keeps a great fire in's houſe all the year long. That devotion like fire in froſty weather burns hotteſt in affliction. That ſuch Fryers as flie the world for the trouble of it, lye in bed all day in winter to ſpare fire-wood. That a covetous man is a Dog in a wheele, that toils to roaſt meat for other mens eating. That Pagans worſhipping the Sunne, are ſaid to hold their hands to the Glo-Worme

instead of a coal for heat. That a Wise mans heart is like a broad hearth that keeps the coals (his passions) from burning the house. That good deeds, in this life, are coals raked up in embers, to make a fire next day.

28 MR 59

Paradoxes, as they were ſpoken in a Maſk, and preſented before his Majeſty at *VVhite-hall.*

Maſculine.

1 *HE cannot be a Cuckold that wears a Gregorian.* — *For a Perriwig cannot fit ſuch a head.*

2 *A Knight of the long Robe is more honorable than a Knight made in the field.* — *For Furs are dearer than ſpurs.*

3 *A drunkard is a good Philoſopher.* — *For he thinks all right: the World goes round.*

4 *The Devil cannot take Tobacco through his Noſe.* — *For St. Dunſton ſeared up that with his tongs.*

5 *A Shoomaker is the fitteſt man in the pariſh to make a Conſtable.* For he (virtute officii) *may put a man into the ſtocks and eaſe him at laſt.*

6 *A Priſoner is the beſt* Fencer. For ever he lies at a cloſe ward.

7 *An elder brother may be a wiſe man.* For he hath wherewithall to purchaſe experience at any rate.

8 *Burgomaſters ought not to wear fur Gowns at Midſummer.* For they may ſo bring in the ſweating ſickneſs.

9 *A Cutpurſe is the ſureſt trade.* For his work is no ſooner done, but his money is in his hand.

Feminine.

10 *It is better to marry a widdow than a maid.* For Cauſa patet.

11 *Down-*

11 *Down-right language is the best to win a woman.* — *For plain dealing is a Jewel, and there is no Lady but desires to have her.*

12 *If a woman with child long to lie with another man, her husband must consent.* — *For if he will not, she will do it without him.*

13 *A painted Lady best fits a Captain.* — *For so both may fight under their colours.*

14 *Rich widows were ordained for younger brethren.* — *For they being born to no lands, must plow in another mans soil.*

15 *'Tis dangerous to marry a widdow.* — *For she hath cast her Rider.*

16 *It is good for a young Popish wench to marry an old man.* — *For she shall be sure to keep all fasting nights.*

17 *A dangerous secret is safely kept in a womans bosome.* — *For no wise man will search for it there.*

18 *A woman of learning and tongues, is an admirable creature.* — *For a Star-ling that can ſpeak is a preſent for an Emperour.*

19 *A great Lady ſhould not wear her own hair.* — *For that is too mean, as a coat of her own ſpining.*

20 *A fair womans Neck ſhould ſtand awry.* — *For ſo ſhe looks as if ſhe look't for a kiſs.*

21 *Woman love fiſh better than fleſh* — *For they will have place, whatſoever they pay for it.*

Newter.

22 *An Uſerer is the beſt Chriſtian.* — *For* Quantum nummorum in arca, tantum habet & fidei.

23 *The beſt bodies ſhould wear the meaneſt habits.* — *For painted clothes were made to hide bare walls.*

24 *It is better to be a begger than to be a Merchant.* — *For all the world lies open to his trafique, and yet he pays no Custome.*

25 *'Tis more safe to be drunk with the Hop than with the Grape.* — *For a man should be more inward with his Country man than with a stranger*

26 *A man deep in debt should be as deep in drink.* — *For Bacchus cancels all manner of obligations.*

27 *Plaiers houses are more necessary in a wel governed Commonwealth, than Schools.* — *For men are better taught by example, than precept.*

28 *Tavernes are more requisite in a Country than Academies.* — *For it is better that the multitude were loving than learned.*

29 *A Tobacco-Shop and a Bawdy house are Co-incidents.* — *For smoak is not without fire.*

30 *Wealth is better then wit.* — *For few Poets have had the fortune to be chosen Aldermen*

31 *Marriage frees a man from care.* — *For then his wife takes all upon her.*

32 *A kennel of Hounds is the best consort.* — *For they need no tuning from morning to night.*

33 *The Court makes better Scholers than the Universities.* — *For when the King vouchsafes, to be a Teacher, every man blushes to be a non-proficient.*

34 *A nimble Page is more useful for a Lady than a long Gentleman-Usher.* — *For a Sparrow is more active than a bald Buzzard.*

35 *'Tis better to be a Coward than a Captain.* — *For a Goose lives longer than a Cock of the Game.*

The

The Mountebankes.

Receipts.

An Approved Receipt againſt Melancolly Feminine.

IF any Lady be ſick of the Sullens, ſhe knows not where, let her take a handfull of ſimples, I know not what, and uſe them, I know not how, applying them to the place grieved, I know not which, and ſhe ſhall be cured, I know not when.

Againſt the Scurvy.

If any Scholler be troubled with an Itch or breaking out, which in time may prove Scurvy; let him firſt forbear clawing

clawing and fretting meats, and then purge choler, but by any means upwards.

For reſtoring Gentlemen-Uſhers Legs.

If any Gentleman-uſher have the conſumption in his Legs, let him feed luſtily upon Veale, two months in the Spring time, and forbear all manner of Mutton, and he ſhall increaſe in the Calf.

For the Tentigo.

If any be troubled with the *Tentigo*, let him travel to *Japan*; or becauſe the Forreſt of *Turnbolia* is of the ſame Altitude and Elevation of the Pole, and at hand, let him hunt there for his recreation, and it ſhall be done in an inſtant.

For a Felon.

If any be troubled with a *Felon* on his finger, whereby he hath loſt the lawful uſe of his hand; let him but once

uſe

uſe the exerciſe of ſwinging and ſtretch himſelf upon the ſoveraign Tree of *Tyburnia*, and it will preſently kill the *Felon*.

For a Tympany.

If a Virgin be ſo ſick of *Cupid*, that the diſeaſe is grown to a *Tympany*, let her with all ſpeed poſſible remove her ſelf, changing Air for forty weeks at leaſt, keeping a ſpare diet as ſhe travels, alwaies after uſing lawful exerciſes, till ſhe be married, and then ſhe is paſt danger.

For Barrenneſs.

If any Lady be married, yet childleſſe let her firſt deſire to be a mother, and eat to her breakfaſt a new laid Egge in a ſpoonefull of Goats-milk, with a ſcruple of Ambergreeſe, and at ſupper feed on a *Hen*, troden but by one *Cock*; and above all things let her avoyd hurrying in *Coaches*, eſpecially on the ſtones; and aſſuming a finer mold, then Nature meant

meant her, and no doubt ſhe ſhall fructifie.

For the falling ſickneſs.

If any woman be troubled with the Falling ſickneſs, let her firſt forbear Phyſick, eſpecially Suppoſitories and Glisters: neither let her travel Weſtward Ho, becauſe ſhe muſt avoid the *Iſle of Man*. And for that it is an evil Spirit entred into her, let her for a Charm, have alwaies her legs acroſſe, when ſhe is not walking, and this will help her.

For a Rupture.

If any Merchant be troubled with a Rupture in the bowels of his Eſtate, ſo that he cannot go abroad, let him decoct Gold from a pound to a Noble; taking the broth thereof from ſix moneths to ſix months, and he ſhall be as able a man as ever he was.

The

The Mountebanks Song.

IS any deaf? Is any blind?
Is any bound or looſe behind?
Is any foul that would be fair?
Would any Lady change her hair?
Doe's any dream? do's any walk?
Or in his ſleep affrighted talk?
I come to cure what ere you feel,
Within without from head to heel.

Be Drums or Rattles in thy head?
Are not thy brains well tempered?
Does Eolus thy Stomach gnaw?
Or breed there vermine in thy maw?
Doſt thou deſire and cannot pleaſe?
Lo, here the beſt Cantharides,
I come to cure what ere you feel,
Within without from head to heel.

Even all diſeaſes that ariſe,
From ill diſpoſed crudities.

From

From too much ſtudy, too much pain,
From lazineſſe and from a ſtrain;
From any humour doing harm,
Be it dry, or moiſt, or cold, or warm.
Then come to me what ere, &c.

Of lazy Gout I cure the rich,
I rid the begger of the Itch,
I fleam avoid both thick and thin,
I diſlocated joints put in,
I can old age to youth reſtore,
And do a thouſand wonders more.
Then come to me, &c.

The ſecond Song.

MAids of the Chamber, or of the kitch-
If you be troubled with an itchin, (in
Come, give but a kiſſe or two,
And here is that ſhall ſoon cure you.
Nor Galen, *nor* Hippocrates,
Did ever do ſuch cures as theſe.

Crackt

Crackt maids that cannot hold your water,
Or uſe to break wind in your laughter;
Or be you vext with Kibes with Cornes,
Ile cure, or Cuckolds of their horns.
Nor Galen, *&c.*

If luſty Sis, *Maid of the dairy,*
Chance to be blew nipt by the Fairy;
For making butter with her tail,
Ile give her that did never fail.
Nor Galen, *&c.*

Or if ſome miſchance betide her,
Or that the Night-mare over-ride her,
Or if ſhe tell all in a Dream,
Ile help her for a meſſe of Cream.
Nor Galen, *&c.*

The third Song.

HEre's water to quench maiden fires;
Here's ſpirits for old occupiers,

Here's

Here's powder to preserve youth long,
Here's oyl to make weak sinewes strong.
What is't you lack? what would you buy?
What is't that you do need?
Come to me (Gallants) taste and try,
Here's that will do, will doe the deed.

This powder doth preserve from fate,
This cures the Meleficiate;
Lost maidenheads this doth restore,
And makes them virgine as before.
What is't you lack, &c?

28 MR 59

Here's cure for bone-ach, feaver lurdens,
Unlawful or untimely Burdens,
Diseases of all Sex, all Ages,
This medicine cureth or asswages.
What is't you lack, &c?

I have receipts to cure the Gout,
To keep Pox *in, or put them out,*
To cool hot blouds cold blood to warm,
Shall do you (if no good) no harme.
What is't you lack, &c?

FINIS,